

Samuel Harding

**SICILY
AND
NAPLES,
OR, THE
FATAL UNION.
A Tragoedy.**

By
S. H. A. B. è C. Ex:

*—dignum est sub luce videri;
Iudicis argutum quod non formidat acumen.*

OXFORD,

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Dramatis Personæ.

Ferrando	King of Naples.
Virginio Vrsini	His favourite.
Alphonso	An humourous old Lord.
Valenzo	A noble Generall
Galeotto	} Three Captaines.
Contareno	
Gonçales	
Piero	(20. A Courtier, friend to Valen-
Bentivogli	A Physitian.
Zisco	} Creatures of Vrsini.
Cassio	
Grutti	
Fungoso	
Sylvio	Page to Calantha.
Servants.	
Guard.	
Calantha	Daughter of Sicily.
Charintha	Niece to Ferrando.
Violetta	} Two Sicilian Ladies.
Florinda	

Mention'd,

King of Sicily.

Alberto Marquesse of Durazzo.

The SCENE.

N A P L E S.

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To the Reader.

Reader,



IN Publishing this Tragedy I have so farre sin'd against the modesty of my friend, that there is nothing sufficient to excuse mee, but thy favour: Those that have dar'd dislike it already, would grow proud, if by presenting it to the common view, I did not shew for what a nothing I esteeme their censures; whatsoever syllable there be, that they ever cavill'd at, is therefore not omitted, that thou may'st have wherein, or to laugh at their vaine Criticising, or to shew thine owne candour; I doubt not but in thy approbation they shall see, what poore imaginary Hercules's they were that had no other Monsters to combat here, but what themselves made. That it was envy'd the glory which it might have receiv'd from the Stage, may be one reason to commend it to thee, since in this kinde there is little now adaies not applauded, but what is good: And for mine owne part I was never so maliciously uncharitable, as to goe about to undoe at once, the Stationer, and my Friend's credit. Thou shalt pardon mee this onely fault, that I have hereby dull'd that praise, which thy selfe might'st have receiv'd in making a good play, since I have layd before thee so faire a copy to write by. I dare not hope but it will be equally unexpected, and unwelcome to the Authour, to see the world acquainted with this toy, (as hee usually termes it,) which himselfe hath by this even learn'd to forget: Thy acceptance shall be my apology to him, and indeed I may justly challenge of thee a more than ordinary good will, since I have hazarded the losse of his love, onely that I might shew my selfe

Thy friend,
and servant
P.P.

To my deserving friend S:H: on his excellent
Tragedy, called the Fatall Union.

Ingenious friend,

T'adorne thy head, *Apollo* will not spare
From violence his *Daphne's* tempting haire;
Lo yon the *Muses* carrying circled boughs
Strive, who should first come neare, and wreath thy browes;
But sad *Melpomene*, (who knowes her right
And title to the matter that you write.)
Casts off the heavy buskins, which shee wore,
Quickens her leaden pace, and runnes before;
Hyes to pale *Shakespeares* urne, and from his tombe
Takes up the bayes, and hither she is come;
Thalia is her second who concludes
Thee her's, from thy true *Comicke* interludes;
The rest on *Clio* lay their crownes, that fame,
May'nt want a bayes, when shee but sings thy name.
B E N is deceas'd, and yet I dare avow,
(*Without that booke*) B E N's *redivivus* now,
I could beleeeve a *Metempsychosis*,
And that thy soule were not thine owne, but his
Or else the *Genius* which did wait upon
His worthy quill serves thee, now he is gone;
But I observe this difference, thy braine
Yents fancies with a pleasure, his with paine;
His were *mature* indeed, they went *full time*
Before they were *deliver'd* into rime;
Thine were *conceiv'd*, *brought forth* at once, yet may
As they are faire, be as long-liv'd as they;
Who reads thy *play-worke* (Friend) needs not compell,
Or force thy lines to make them paralell
With his, unlesse 'cause thou contract' st in one
Small part, what he in a whole play has done.
His *humorists* in thy *Alphonso* ly:
Sejanus, *Catiline's* damn'd treachery

Lives

Lives in *Ursini's* treasons, there is not
BEN's *Fox* can scape the policy o'th plot.

'Tis true, thine never walk't upon the stage;
In fine, gay clothes (the prayfers of this age,)
Nor in a full throng'd theater did'st begge
Confus'd applause, with a cring'd Courtiers legge;
Such flatteries would abuse thy poëm, thou
Had'st nere an entrance, though an exit now;
Thine is expos'd unto the worlds large eye,
In it's unchang'd and native infancie,
Before some *Players* braine new drencht in sacke
Do's clap each terme new fancies on it's backe;
Or in'ts front t'beares this apology
For th' Stationer, it tooke his *Majestie*,
After a third presentment, thou hast none
Of these poore succours, thine is meere thy owne;
And that so singular as thou may'st dare
The quickest wit, severest censurer
To view't, review it, and at length receive
From thy intended enemy a wreathe,

NICH. DOWNEY, A. B. & C. Ex.

To my loving friend S. H. on his Tragedy entituled
SICILY and NAPLES, or the FATAL UNION.

W onder not (friend) if I admire thy pen
That has so lively drawne the deaths of men,
And in such deeper scenes of Tragedy,
Has cloth'd thy fury Comick-wittily:
Thy lines runne smooth, and lofty, and expresse
At once their terrour, and their pleasantnesse:
Th' hast mingled mirth with horror, and hast shovne
Delight and cruelty compos'd in one.
Ferrando, and Calanth are re-intliv'd,
And have from thee their tombe, and birth deriv'd:

A

Naples,

Naples, and Sicily do owe their glory
To thee for this their everliving story;
Thy hand proclaimes their fame, thy pen has lent
Their Chronicles a grace, and supplement:
And what before was Fatall, now's become
A Happy, and a lasting Union.

Rob: Stapylton, A.B. Ant. Alban.

To my deare friend the Author on his
FATALE UNION.

THus (Friend) the bayes still flourish; *Johnson* dead,
Randolph deceas'd, they fall to crowne thy head;
Yet see, how full his flowing fancie meetes
With thy rich *Genius*! and sweetly greets
Thy first-borne infant, making almost one
A jealous, and a Fatall Union:
Thine is a full, stuff'd, fluent wit, that speaks
Meerly it's owne; not like the running leakes
Of a crack't crazy braine, that dribbles forth
Either but little, or what's little worth;
His straines lift high too, thine mount; all confesse
Both tyre expression with a curious dresse,
And tricke it up so neatly, 't doth surpasse;
The *Muses* sure lent both a looking-glasse;
The difference (if any) this may be,
Chame brought him up, but *Isis* foster'd thee.
Twixt thee and him (Great BEN!) a parallel
Would chance strike credit deafe, make envie swell,
Swell then who list, and burst; since deads thy heire,
He's to thy wit the sole *Executor*: (T. Randolph.)
The legacies being paid, all he assayes,
S'no more than what he well deserves, thy bayes:
His *Muse* but yet new borne hath felt thy fate;

And

And like thine glories in the rabbles hate;
As soone as shee had life, she was with't dead,
Or under her owne ashes buried;
But now a glorious Phoenix rais'd is shee
From this and her supposed Tragedie.

RICH. DODDRIDGE. A.B.C. Exon.

To my good friend the Author.

IF fancie, language, wit, deserve the praise
That's due to Poets, (friend,) then take the bayes;
For this thy Poem who so reads, in it
Shall finde a loftie fancie, a quicke wit,
In such smooth language clad, so pure, so free
From affectation, or obscuritie,
That nothing here's superfluous, lest to be
Full fraught with wit, be superfluitie:
'Tis policie in some, whose workes are lame,
To set their friends i'th front, that their false fame
May make their lines be read; others, whose worth
Deserves all praise, as foyles to set them forth:
Such friends are wee to you, our lines and wee
Serve but for foyles unto thy worke, and thee,
Which to it selfe and you can onely raise
An everlasting Monument of praise.

A. SHORT. A.B.C. Exon.

To my friend the Author on his FATAL UNION.

What? Printed though not acted? do's this age
Use to employ the Presse before the Stage?
Perhaps thy Tragedy did claime such state
As none of us should fitly personate:
Or swell'd so full of fancie, we might feare
A pleasant surfeit taken through the eare;
How as *distraught* with too much sense, wee finde
Calantha shew her fixt, unsettled minde;
Distraktion cloth'd in such a dresse of wit,
That even *staid* judgements well may envie it:
Them thrice, thrice happie I esteeme to be
That are indued with such rare *Lunacy*.

Felicia from her sex, and friends exil'd,
Is pregnant with conceits, as great with child:
While wee mov'd by her passion, love her more,
Than e're she doated on the Prince before.
Methinkes *Valenzo*, and *Charintha* meete
Chastly though yet unmarried, in one sheetes;
At length the wish't *Catastrophe* combines
Her myrtle and his bay, in amorous twines:

Ursini to our censure doth commend
A faithlesse *Traytour*, though most truly penn'd,
And masked *Zisco*, though thrice blacker now,
Richly:deserves the Readers *Candid* brow:
Thy quill upholds *Ferrando's* royaltie,
Who before *NAPLES*'s King, s'now crown'd by thee;
Changing the golden circlet of his brow
For verdant sprigges, crop't from thy *Laurell* bough:
Thy interludes so apt, their quaintnesse such,
Our mirth doth make us wrong thy plot too much;
To which (like thy *Physitian*) streight wee fly,
Abhorring others skilfull't harmony.

Go on, brave *Genius*, though some fooles controule
The envy'd soaring of thine active soule.

ED: HALL. A. B. C. E. non.

To the Author on his FATALE UNION.

INSTEAD of high rear'd trophies to thy praise
Th' hast rais'd up envious tongues, to blast thy bayes;
Forth' Muses, and their darling Poëts be
Conjoyn'd in one sad plot, to ruine thee:
The Muses charge thee with flat Felony,
Complaining thou hast robb'd their treasury,
And left them dowerlesse; Then the Poëts plot,
Is how to staine thee with extortions blot;
Since th' hast engross't all wit, and set a price
So high, that he's undone who ever buyes;
So that their best endeavours, with small wares
Must be pack't up, to visit Country Faïres;
Or lye neglected, till some hand assigne
Perhaps that happy chance, to cover thine:
But let them spit their gall; whilst wee admire
The mounting flames of thy Poëticke fire:
Go on to stirre their envie; since blinde fate
Doates onely on the worst, purchase her hate.

IOH: HALL. Jur: Stud: Aul: Alb.

To the Author.

THE Fatale filters sure are muses growne,
Else whence proceeds this Fatale Union?
Or Muses Fatale filters wee discry
Those in thy Play, these in thy Tragedy:
Ith front o'th booke, a troope all prest to be
Guards to thy Naples, and faire Sicily,
So many lines, and thou their center; Quils
To impe thy winged Pegasus, and rills
Paid to thy Hippocrene, a tribute show,
Which we as subjects to thy crowne do owe,
Leaves to thy Lanrell; not to decke thy head,

But strew the way, wherein thy *buskins* treade,
 As at thy *Muses* marriage; whom till now
 We thought confin'd by some o're-maiden vow
 To live encloystr'd; and for want of men
 Woe images, and pictures; but thy *pen*
 Has made her now a *Mother*; see her *laid*
 In *Geniall* sheetes, where she's no more a *Maid*,
 But a chaste *Prostitute*; nay more I'll swear
 She is, O—— a *female ravisser*:
 For which, as a crackt *Vestall*, some did strive
 With vaine attempts to bury her alive;
 Things hid in wide-sleeve gownes, all you can see
 Of Artists in them is, they're come to *A.B.*
 Men that thy play, as some new lesson con,
 And *hacke*, and *mangle* thy blest *Union*;
 Poore fooles!! pittie the; how would they looke,
 If at the barre *BEN JOHNSON* were their booke?
 His *fox* would on these geese revenge thee so,
 We should no hissing but i'th *Common* know;
 Nor neede they other halter, *Cailline*
 Affords them *rope* enough, in each *strong line*:
 But thou may'st pardon them, whose spight has made
 Thee famous, whilst, like the sad owle affraid
 Of wrens, thou hast unto thy *Ivy* fled,
 And where thou thought'st to *hide*, hast crown'd thy head:
 They now must stand, and gaze with us, which bee
Alas too ignorant to censure thee.

We know not whether we should wring our hands,
 Or clap them at thy poëm, which commands
 As much our *griefe* as *pleasure*, not an eye
 That reads, but *acts* in teares thy *Tragedy*:
 Nay we are more then *attours*, thou may'st call
 Us *mourners*, and thy play a *funerall*:
 Champions all Steele, (which ne're shed drop but those
 Forc't from their veines, not by their friends, but foes.)
 At each sad *accent*, swear they're stabb'd i'th eye,
 Betray their babies there, and downe-right cry.

But

But when we turne our eyes, and marke thy veine,
Streight our too much of joy is all our paine,
We stand enchanted, every word appears
A charme, lines circles, letters characters,
Which ravish us to phrensie: had wee scene
It acted, sure thy Tragedy t'had bin;
Our claps had thunderstrooke thee, thou would'st call
This hand a club, that Brontes iron maule,
Tother Pyrachmon's, the loud scene would be
Their forge, (the *Etna* of thy *Sicily*,)
Thundering upwards: but thy *Muse* doth need
No claps, or loud applause, (like swans which breed
Onely in noyse) to give her issues birth,
No *Hums*, nor *Dam-me-boys* to set her forth:
Scorning all glory that is not her owne,
Nor needing a *Blacke-Fryers* shaven crowne,
(As some,) to wispe her temples, though put forth
So poore, that *six-pence* charge buyes all she's worth;
She'le out-blaze bright *Aglaura's* shining robe:
Her scene shall never change, the world's her *Globe*.

S. HALL. A.M. C. Eaton.



Reader. Before thou proceedst farther, mend with thy pen these few escapes of the presse: The delight & pleasure I dare promise thee to finde in the whole, will largely make amends for thy paines in correcting some two or three syllables.

Page 1. l. 16. for in r. on. p. 1b. l. 17. f. their r. they. 1b. l. 29. dele. too. p. 2. l. 12. f. cold lazy r. gold and lazy. p. 4. l. 13. f. our divided r. our long divided. p. 8. l. 8. dele had. p. 9. l. 20. f. come r. came. p. 14. l. 25. dele (with musisam) p. 25. l. 34. f. these o' re r. these are. p. 1b. l. 35. f. you r. yon. p. 27. l. 8. f. runner r. runne. our. p. 29. l. 11. f. thee, r. she. p. 33. l. 20. f. that joy r. those joyes. p. 35. l. 25. f. whither r. wither. p. 37. l. 9. f. have r. leave. p. 38. l. 3. f. wider r. wide. p. 60. l. 3. f. auger r. anger. p. 85. l. 17. f. thinkes r. thanks. p. 91. f. forfeited r. furfeited.





SICILY and NAPLES.

OR

The Fatall Vnion.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

*A March within, the word, 1. stand, 2. stand, 3. stand: drumme
beates a summons, trumpets sound: then enter*

Valenzo, Contareno, Galeotto.

Val.



Here, take your orders, and dispatch;
Your known faiths will not let me doubt
th'observance
Of the least circumstance. (rall

Gal. Yet give me leave (most noble Gene-
To aske the reason, since his Highnesse le

A free dispose at his departure, why

You should use so much severity in your commands?

Cont. Not a man enter the citty in forfeiture of his life?
their's somewhat hard conditions; I've enter'd a Kingdome,
and help't to winne it too, on farre easier termes; this o'th
sudden, and so unexpected too, may meete with a harsh con-
struction.

Gal. For mine owne part, I've bin so long absent,
Especially being a poore servant to the state too,
I dare conclude I'me lost to all their memories;

B

Nor

Nor do I love the Campe so ill, to part with it
 To win upon their faiths; urge a tedious catalogue
 Of my dead anceltours, and then search records
 To shew I was their country-man; all this
 For a cold welcome, or an annuall pension;
 To shew my scores of wounds, that tally up
 So many months pay behind hand: which
 After seven yeares misery in an hospitall,
 Shall be both wip't off together: yet all
 Are not of my humour.

(ces,

Cont. What though your dull fat Senators, those land-Porpi-
 That skip, and friske i'th storme they n're are hurt with,
 Those heavy lubbers, lapt in sweaty furies,
 Batning on sleepe and ease, lie snorting out
 The peace poore Souldiers purchase,
 And not so much as dreame of toyle, or danger,
 Sleight what they are ignorant of: yet you (my Lord)
 May know, if cold lazy recompences injure
 Our high deserts, such usage kills outright:

Gal. True *Contareno*, that is their intent.

Cont. L'as we bring no diseases home with us, unlesse va-
 lour be one; no meager troopes of thinne starvelings, that they
 should feare a famine from our commerce, we have fed high,
 though somewhat irreverently: nor retorne wee in our old
 skins, blew coats, thrum'd cappes, that harbour so much ver-
 mine, they might feare we'de scatter one of Egypts plagues
 among them; and make e'm all lowlie.

Val. Enjoy the freedome of your speech; yet know
 That they are ignorant of these injunctions,
 And for a testimony of their loves
 Unto your faire deservings, are all ready

To meete their Countries patriots, (so they terme you)
 After their ancient custome, with procession;

Gal. Shew us an enemy then, or danger that is reall,
 And not the birth of feare, and we'll retorne:

Val. Nay, you may stay at home too:

Gal. At home?

Cont.

The Fatal Union.

Cont. 'Tis so :
Our sons of peace have caught a surfeit, & would be physick't
for't : ha ! doe they mutiny ? doe the fierce rammes advance
their hornes, to batter downe the wall that kept them safe ?

Val. Be more compos'd and heare me, though you hate
Treason as ill as cowardice, yet I must
Tell you, you're the men have brought
The enemy home to *Naples*, I meane the army :
For what lesse can I terme such a vast body,
Consisting of such disproportion'd members ;
Flesh't with the spoyles of fertile *Sicily*,
Enrich't with what a happy soyle can yeeld
To an insulting conquerour ; fed too
With glorious hopes of ease, and plenty ?
You know how hard a taske you underwent
To governe them abroad, when ram'd by want,
Thirst, hunger, heate, and cold ; judge then what sway
Authority can beare, when by this change
They are growne mad, and matinous ; who shall
Compose their private jarres, and quarrels, when
Their full cups adde fury to their pride ?

Gal. Enough : this speech hath cut of all reply,

Val. Besides, you know *Sicily* is now in *Naples* ;
The Prince a captive to his Prisoner :
How farre his easie nature may be wrought upon
Is yet uncertaine, his yeares though they have outdone
History, are not yet grown up to the ripenesse of experience,
For my severity ; (I'de gladly have
You call it by another name ;) it is
My duty, (if not yours) i take it, to be vigilant.

Gal. My Lord, thinke what I spake was but to gaine
Satisfaction, which you have amply given.

Cont. And what should I doe i'th City ? that retaine
No more of my education there, than what I gain'd
In the Artillery yard : my company
Would be shun'd there more than poverty,
Or a disease ; I should be interdicted

The Court, meerly because I'me out of fashion,
 Or for feare of challenges — Troth for the Ladies,
 The homeliest please mee best; I am as much
 Too rough hewen for them, as they're too polisht for me.
 My constitution requires a dispatch
 I'th vaulting businesse, beyond that of tedious
 Niceties, and wittie prologues.

Val. Gonzales, and Petrucchio's regiment
 I've left aboard to guard the fleet, your's must
 Make safe the Castle, and the land forts; you
 Cannot endear me more than by your circumspection;
 The Citty will be all in triumph
 These nuptials, twixt our divided houses;
 Thinke these *Sicilian's*, though you have wonne
 And forc't them, to groane beneath your sword, may yet
 At heart be traitours; if not, oportunitie
 May make them so; at such a time as this
 Surprize is easie; history hath such examples,
 Unfortunate ones; and you'de be loath to adde
 Unto the number.

Gal. You have chalk't out a way
 That leads to honour, and we are hastie
 To pursue it:

Val. I shall report you noble.

Cont. And Generall, de'e heare, if you meet with
 Ere a masculine feminine, that has impudence
 Enough, to follow an army, a wench of twagging hanches,
 And full thighs, send her to mee, she shall be my laundresse.

Val. Good Captaine be lesse wild, and use mee,
 To the losse of honour. *Exeunt Capitaines.*

ACT: I. SCEN. II.

Valenzo, a servant.

(Enter Piero.

Val. Didst meet with him? — he's here already. *Valenzo runs*
Piero! — why this distance? *to embrace*
 Is't in the power of severall climes to breake *him, Piero re-*
trires.

Our

The Farall Vnion.

5

Our sympathies in nature true, I have
Bin long estrang'd from you, not from your vertue;
Why then should you deny your strict embraces?

Pier. Valenzo ! you are growne too great, and glorious
For my friendship ; become a theame for Princes,
Whose worthy acts enrich their high discourse:
The greedy multitude, snatching each word,
As it falls from 'em, weare your praise
As their best ornament !

Val. How have I lost my friend,
And see *Piero*, for being so thou would'st
Nor mocke, nor flatter me !

Pier. Alas *Valenzo* !
You prejudice your Princes wisdom, and
Your owne just merits, those favours yet
Were never worne by them, that had not first
Deserv'd them.

Val. You meane these titles, vaine and emptie names;
Let mee enjoy thee still, I'le disinvest
My selfe of all additions, can but swell
Our pride, not vertue up ; my Ancestours
Have left me rich enough in title to
Your friendship, and fore I forfeit that ! — (Embrace.)
That wee could mingle soules. —

Pier. Though you be prodigall of your affections,
Yet be not cruell to your *Charintha*,
Who must needs suffer in this wilfull scorne,
You throw on that your valour dearly purchast.

Val. *Charintha* mine ! I hold all worth in her.

Pier. Were you as monstrous for impiety, as now
You are fam'd for vertue, such was her pious thrift,
In treasuring up her cleane and humble prayers,
You could not die unpardon'd, every houre
(As you are alwaies lyable to danger,)
Can witnesse, with what forward zeale she begg'd
Heaven, to avert the stroake before it came :
We have taken so much pleasure in her orizons,

That even prophane men to have heard her pray,
Would turne devout, were there no merit in't.

Val. No more ; my reason yeelds unto my passion.
And 'tis a joy requires mee meeete it with
My best temper ; I would not surfeit
Nor swallow it too greedily ; some light mixture
Of griefe would give a relish to't ; tell me, come—
What face weares the Court ? how looks it
On our new dignities ? Envie (like the Sunne)
Darts her beames hottest on the rising bankes :
Urfini the grand favorite, is at Court,
And has his Princes bosome ?

Pier. That's his sanctuary,
His safety lies there, yet (though I professe
No augury) I foresee, and read
His fall, all these vast glories which he boasts,
Are built upon the ruines of *Alberto*,
His tombe-stone is the basis of that building,
Which we admire, but thinke not safe.

Val. There was a noble house soone lost.

Pier. Sooner (I beleeve) than t'will be forgotten ;
But what was that *Frederico*, *Albert's* sonne ?

Val. One that with his father's vertues
Inherited his unhappy fate, young he was,
And valiant ; receiv'd and knowne so.

Pier. Had hee beene lesse fam'd, he had not yet
Beene number'd with the dead ; (you are my friend,
My Lord,) vspeake my thoughts, and freely ;—
Urfini endures no rivall.

Val. I've maintain'd
Faire correspondencie with him at distance,
But like not his embracements.

Pier. T'is dangerous to be neere him ;
There's such an Antipathy, twixt him, and vertue,
He weares it's ruine in his lookes.

Val. 'Tis strange,
A Prince so wise and vertuous should not descry

His

His falshood through his visour; or at least
Lend eare to the loud cries of wronged Innocents.

Pier. He hath no use of either eare, or eye,
But what his lov'd *Ursini* lends him; hee
Onely rules, and limits his affections;
Suffers him not to cast a frowne or smile,
But where he pleases; his next indearement, is
His care o'th *Princesse*, our *Sicilian* captive:
Whom sorrow for her fathers death, (slaine in
The warre, by him that was design'd her lover;
Our fam'd Prince *Ferrando*,) has brought
Into a desperate melancholy; what reward
He expects, I cannot tell, unlesse it be
The Crowne: you have heard of her strange distemper.

Val. And wonder at the sudden change:
I've seene her, maugre all those sudden feares,
Her tender age, and womanhood could urge;
Stand in the head of troopes, that we ev'n fear'd
They had engag'd some Goddess in their quarrell;
Beare up against the enemy, when her men
Lay scatter'd in the plaines, like the ripe eares
The wealthy harvest yeelds into the Grange.

Pier. I know not how, but sure sh'as made the King
Wilde; he has such divers fits, as he had learn'd
To be mysterious in's passion; I have seene him weepe,
Like a fond mother o're her tender babe,
Whom too rude fate has ravish't unripe from her:
Then rave, and curse, talke as he wanted reason
To guide his speeches Organ: or soft sleepe
To recall his stragling senses:
Mutter distracted thoughts in broken words,
Untill he lights upon her name, and then
He bowes at the recitall; blestes himselfe
In th'often repetition of *Calantha*.

Val. There's somewhat in't, her passion should lye hid
So long, and now breake out so violently.
She rather seem'd too thrifty, than too prodigall

Of teares, when she left *Sicily*; and taught us
To call't our chiefest happinesse, we should have
A Queene, that raig'n'd at home, that bore more sway
Over the people of her brest, than country.

Pier. Alas poore maid ! why now she's a true captive
To passion, and to *Naples* : had shee beene still
Queene over her great selfe, none could have said
She'd had beene unhappy ; now, and not till now
She's truly miserable.

Val. 'Tis holinesse to pittie her.

Pier. Our teares are better spent upon her sorrowes,
Than our owne finnes, she talkes so prettily,
Clothes grieve in such a sad, and pious garbe,
So void of any rudenesse, that wee see
Composednesse in distraction, reason in madnesse ;
She never walkes but when she's led along,
And that so faintly, as she had not spirits
Enough to actuate her tender limbes :
Want of meate and sleepe have made her seeme
A living coarfe ; to see her weepe, you'd feare
That every drop were her owne funerall teare. (Exeunt.

ACT I. SCEN. III.

Enter *Fungoso*, *Zisco* running after him.

Zis. —Hell, and furies ! — (kicks him, & exit.)

Fun. Oh ! oh ! oh !

A Moore ! a divell ! a meere divell ! his very lookes spake him
so, but for his club-foote, his damnable club-foote, (Asse that
I was not to see it, I'me sure I feele it now,) 'tis an infallible
signe: This damn'd Divell did I bring to Court, and preferr'd
him ; but I'me serv'd well enough, he that doe's the Divell a
good turne shall be sure to bee thus rewarded. If I should
chance to die a sinner (as 'tis ten to one but I shall,) hee'll
know mee againe, for I shall carry his markes to my grave :
because my Lord *Ursini* was pleas'd to exchange some few
words with him in private, he grew so insolent, that I going

The Fatall Vnion.

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to strike him (in passion, in choller I confesse) he falls a kicking me in'th open Court.

Enter Cassio, and Grat. who is peering } 'T was my Lord Ursini's command.

Fun. And looks, as if he would, have spet fire; but had I not knowne him to be a diuell indeed, I'de spet fire with him.

Grut. How? so hot Signiour?

Cass. Men in anger may do anything.

Fung. Any thing? with your leave Sir,
And you're a foole, and an asse. — *Gives him a boxe on the eare.*

Cass. Doe find it so by my eares? —
And I'le try what you are —

Grut. Draw i'th Court? I must see the peace kept.

Fung. Gentlemen, you know I'me passionate, cholericke, somewhat cholericke.

Cass. And I intend to physicke you for't; here's that will allay your heat.

Grut. 'Tis downe already.

Cassio puts up his sword.

Fun. I won't be jeer'd.

Grut. Wee intend no abuse, Signiour, wee onely come to gratulate your good fortune, you are turn'd favourite of late.

Fung. It has pleas'd his Majesty to take some small notice of mee.

Grut. Yes, and the Ladies speake high, & gloriously of you.

Fung. Of mee?

Cass. You could not but observe it as you walk't the streets: you are the onely object they gaze at.

Fung. In troth I did not thinke —

Grut. Come you are modest now!

Cass. Who was't you blest't to'ther day with a favour?

Fung. I give a favour?

Grut. Why man? you meant it should be seene.

Fung. I slip't a point indeed in a Countesses chamber.

Grut. Slip't a point?

Fun. Drop't it, drop't it, butt' was not worth the taking up.

Cass. And yet I've heard her boast it as a speciall gift from your owne hands.

C

Fung.

Fung. Indeed I sung it somewhat scornfully, because shee was very importunate; troth I was angry, shee would have none but that.

Grut. Wer't not for this filthy fretting humour of yours, I could tell you—

Fung. What good *Grutti*?

Grut. Of a Lady.

Fung. By my best hopes in love with me, is she not?

Grut. I'me not so happy as to be acquainted with her intents, but I have heard her in my Lord *Ursini's* presence commend you highly.

Fung. Prithee who is't?

Grut. The Lady *Charintha*.

Fung. The Lady *Charintha*; what should I do with her? she's honest, the onely precise Madame of the Court.

Grut. They that drop the most beads, may commit the most finnes, but wer't not so, you have a kind of tempting presence, and besides—

Whisper.

Fung. Oh! I understand you, she's his Lordship's reversion.

Grut. St, not a word.

Fung. I'll to her presently.

Exit.

Grut. This is my Lord *Ursini's* plot, to slander that Ladies chastitie.

Cass. And he has charg'd me, to whisper't about Court, that he has enjoy'd her.

Grut. I wonder much, since he seekes her himselte in marriage, why hee should thus traduce her.

Cass. On my conscience she's vertuous.

Grut. His plots are darke, and mystic, but come, prithee let's leave this talke, we have state knowledge enough already to make us melancholy: I'll shew thee a scene of mirth—

Cass. Where lies it?

Grut. This Physician that was sent for hither from the University to our melancholy Princeesse, they say, induces no Musicke, and I've prepar'd a whole consort of these gutterspers this morning to salute him; no doubt but hee'll bee very bountifull.

Cass. If

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Cass. If the varlets can make good use of his charity.

Grut. I wonder much the Court endures him here; he's an odde humersome fellow.

Cass. His art priuiledges him. *Exeunt.*

ACT: I. SCEN. IV.

Ursus, a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord.—

Urs. Conduct that Moore hither, and see wee have all priuacie that may be.

Ser. Hee shall weare my life upon his sword that enters without my leave. *Exit Ser.* *Enter Zisco.*

Urs. See, he comes: here's one that's fit to kill a King,
A thing, whose soule is nothing but a spot
Transmitted from foule parricides, whose thoughts *Aside.*
Weare a more deepe and horrid blacke, than that
Which spreads upon his body —

My *Zisco* welcome.

Zisc. This day my Lord —

Urs. No more, I know what thou would'st say: I promis'd
To endear thee to *Ferrando's* love, and knowledge,
Are you according to my instructions ready
To meete all his demands?

Zisc. Perfect.

Urs. With a forg'd *Commendamus* from his holinesse?

Zisc. —Of my stout seruice done against the Turkes
In the Lepanto battle, where I turn'd Christian,
And was baptiz'd in mine owne blood.

Urs. 'Tis well, but how stands't thou resolv'd for our designe?

Zisc. Unmov'd as destiny.

—Could you have told me of it in that minute
I should have acted it, I'de owe you for
The glory of a sinne, I might have boasted of;
What we intend, nere rises to that height
As what we act, because it may prove abortive,

Ca

And

And perish in the thought, and for such crimes,
I onely haue repentance.

Urf. But he's a Prince —

Zisc. Why there's the honour on't,
Killing the head, I kill the body too,
And at one blow lay a whole Kingdome gasping.

Urf. — One upon whom attends a guard of men,
And Angels, on whose brow diuinity
Sits character'd, a Majestie that darts
Fork't arrows into the guilty soule, and strikes
A palsied feare through every limbe and joynt
Of the murderer.

Zisc. Fancie, fancie this,
I'me prooffe against it; Ile take him in's cups
When he's drunke, betray him to a rape,
Or towler sinne, then kill him in the act.

Urf. Whom?

Zisc. The King.

Urf. Traytour:

Zisc. 'Tis as soone done as thought of.

Urf. He never lov'd thee *Zisco*, nor was knowne
By speciall favours to deserve thee to him;
But he has made me great, worne me in's soule;
His father tooke mee up, when I was nothing,
Bequeath'd me to him, as a care hereditary,
Belonging to the Crowne, plac't mee so neere him,
I've growne, and spread like a tall mountaine Cedar.

Zisc. And dare encounter lightning, stand a thunder-bolt,
Or enrag'd winds; contend with that high influence
By which you flourish, yet nere feare a blasting:
His favour is a tyranny; it is
The pride of Princes, to be thought Gods here
On earth, daring to mocke omnipotence,
To create them favourites, set them aloft
In their owne sphere, till remote Kingdomes gaze
At their prodigious height, then in an instant
Shoote them from thence, like falling meteors:

hna

Had

Had he not lov'd you first, you could not be
The object of his hate, you were too poore,
And safe, when 'twas, to have him glory in
Your ruines : innocence below enjoys
Security, and quiet sleepes, murder's not heard of,
Treachery is a stranger there, they enjoy
Their friends, and loves, without ravishment,
They are all equall, every one's a Prince,
And rules himselfe, they speake not with their eyes,
Or browes, but with the tongue, & that too dwells i'th heart:
Were it but thus at Court,

Alberto, your fam'd Marquesse had not fallen.-----

Urf, *Alberto*: ha.

Zis: Why start you Sir ?

Urf: 'Tis he : *Frederico*.

Aside.

Oh that man ! he was unhappie in his Princes love.

Zis: Your honours are no more your owne than his :

'Twas the same favour that conferr'd them both,

And the same frowne may take 'em both away :

He lets you onely grow till you are envy'd,

And then you'le fall unpittied.

Urf. I have learn'd cruelty from him:

Zisco, thou shalt applaud the mysteries,

The rare contrivances of my revenge ;

My fate lyes in his brest, but this, this arme

Shall ravish't thence.

Zisc. Now your rage becomes you :

When Princes put off their humanity,

Murders, a holy sinne, you may be good,

And fall like him, whose aged head lies low,

Low in the dust.

Urf. Againe? this confirms it.

Aside.

Zis. The groanes of whose funke house, are heard

To affright strangers; whilst *Naples* yet

Stain'd with the purple tyde, his soule swam forth in,

Do's blush at it's owne guilt ; his sonne *Frederico*

(You know) was lost at *Sicily* in a croud.

Urf. 'Tis so reported, yet I beleewe—

Zisc. My Lord.

Urf. That he was slaine at *Ferrando's* command.

Zisc. Perhaps and by a slave.

Felicia too, unhappy maid —

Urf. Your sister, (*aside*,) — I there,
Now thou strik'st home.

Zisc. First wonne to his embraces
By vollics of false oathes, her virgin honour
Rifled, her chaste wombe swolne with the imposthume
Of his salt lutt, then torne with spight from's bosome,
Ravish't, murder'd, and by whom? (I could hate my selfe,
For taking birth amongst such,) cursed Moores:
Were thee your enemy, her cause, and sex
Would challenge pittie; but you lov'd her dearly,
The Mistresse you ador'd; who then can thinke
But that your soule is blacke, and stain'd as his,
That are thus tame?

Urf. *Zisco*, th'ast rais'd a flame within this breast,
Nought but his blood can quench:—thanks to my braine;—
It shall be so;— The fatall raven croakes;
'Tis ominous, if he outlive this night
We are no more:—Come we'le goe plot within. *Exeunt.*

ACT: I. SCEN. V.

Grutti. Cassio.

(*With musicians.*)

Grut. Here's his, studie,

Cass. Is he there?

Grut. Yet do but observe his posture:
How he sits like a reverend Ape painted upon a Gally-pot,
with an Urinall in's hand.

Cass. Faith Signior, in my judgement y'have wrong'd your
simile.

Grutr He's casting the Princeesse's water.

Cass. Not upon his beard I hope.

Grut. Reading in't—

Cass. The

Cass. The colour of's copper-nose.

Grut. All the plots of Sicily; I warrant the poore Lady has not a thought escapes him.

Cass. The Sex has beene allwayes accounted open, yet I neere knew a State betray'd that way; some Ladies would be in a pittifull case, if their secrets could be read in their Gentle-womans—

Enter musitians.

Grut. Foh, they're mere fives.

—Come, come, these are his Lordships Lodgings, He came home late yesternight, and I beleewe Is scarce stirring yet. — Your last new tune,

Cass. This musicke sure will make him dance antick. Soft musicke

Grut. Not yet? poxe on him, he's a sleepe in's studie: ha you noe loud musicke? perhaps his Lordship likes that better.

Bent. So, ho, oh, ho, ho, murder, murder, murder, { Loud musicke.

Cass. Enter Hieronymo from his naked bed.

{ Enter Ben-
rivoglio.

Gr. Hieronymo was drunke then last night, he lay in's clothes.

Bent. Rogues base rogues, scabby rogues, pockie rogues, out, out rascals, abuse his Majesties Physician, offer to play under my nose, foh, how the rogues stinke: farts, poyson'd farts, foh, these meager-chapt rascalls eat so much brimstone, and salt butter, that they outstinke hell: had these farts beene let in Wales, they would have bred the plague there, — let mee see— who should this bee, that should abuse mee thus, let mee but finde him out, and be he the best i'th Court, it shall goe hard but I'll have a quaint poyson for him, shall worke a little otherwise with him than this has done with me.

{ Grutty and
Cassio stept
behind the
hangings.

Enter Grutti, and Cassio, as over-hearing him.

Cass. The best i'th Court?

Grut. A quaint poyson for him.

Cass. Do's your retirednesse lead you to treason? let's apprehend him:

Grut. For a Traytour.

Bent. Nay good Gentlemen, what shall I do? I'me undone.

Cass.

Cass. A quaint poyson I— so it was.

Grut. And for the best i'th Court.

Bent. In troth, Signiours, I meant it not.

Cass. 'Twas too much you said it, Sir.

Bent. Doe but conceale mee.—

Cass. Then you'le confesse, and bring us in as parties.

Bent. May I be hang'd if I doe; besides, what ever decreet discale you have about you, I'le cure you *gratis*.

Grut. And thinke no more of poysoning them, that brought the musitians to your window; 'twas our plot Sir.

Bent. I forgive you, and pray Gentlemen use mee for your Physitian when ever the state of your bodies requires it, I'le learne secrecie of you.

Both. Agreed.

Exit Bent.

Cass. Faith *Grutty*, this plot was well thought on; I could finde in my heart to trust him.

Grut. You may; and hence forward I'le sinne with lesse scruple.

Exeunt.

ACT. I. SCEN. VI.

Orfini.

'Tis hee— I am confirm'd: *Frederico*, *Albert's* Sonne— I'le let him live conceal'd, he's a sure Instrument, and will serve mee for all turnes. —bumph,— could he thinke his puling sisters, Or his Fathers, wrongs, sate so heavy on my heart-strings, That I could be mov'd to kill my Prince In their revenge? Indeed I lov'd her once, Till I enjoy'd her, but she's lost, so is her memory; I've higher thoughts now; *Charintha* is my aime, *Ferrando's* niece; next heire to the Crowne; Mine by his promise: can I but divorce *Valenzo* from her love, together with His life, I'me safe; 'tis that I am contriving: He is my rivall both in a Mistresse, and A Princes favour.— Who waits within there? ho.

Cass.

Cass. My Lord.

Enter Cass:

Urs. Have you perform'd what I commanded you concerning the Lady?

Cass. *Charintha*? 'tis done Sir; *Fungoso* streight intends a visit there.

Urs. Leave mee—— (*Exit Cass.*) 'Tis well, if this slander can but pull on murder upon him, or any of my servants, from *Valenzo's* hand, his head shall answer for't; I am his judge,

(My power over the King makes mee so)

And he shall find mee cruell; then the fort is mine,

In which his souldiers are in garrison;

This night the French, and Genowayes intend

To ceize our emptie fleete, that rides i'th harbour;

Those men I have indear'd, ——

Mount, mount my soule, let no feare weigh thee downe,

He stakes his life that thus casts at a Crowne. *Exit.*

ACT; II. SCEN. I.

Cass. Grutti. Ferrando. Ursini, leading in *Calantha*, *Alphonse*, *Valenzo*, *Florinda*, *Violetta*, *Bentivogli*, *Piero*, *Sylvio*, *Fungoso*.
(While the A. is playing.)

Alph. This musick's dull, strike higher, higher yet.

Bent. Oh! oh! oh! I can hold no longer, furies, divels, oh! oh!

Fer. What ailes our Physitian there?

Grut. 'Tis an odde humour my Lord: any kinde of musicke is lesse pleasing to him, than the voice of Mandrakes,

Fer. Cease there, your accents are distastfull.

Bent. I am abus'd, grossely abus'd, but i'le be reveng'd —— Sir
Your pardon.

Fer. Rise and proceed.

Bent. As I was telling you, you must in every thing humour her; in each word, each action, the nature of 'her disease requires it, which yeelds not unto cure, till it be wrought up to'th height.

Alph. Still such a sadnesse Ladies dwell on your browes: trust
D mee,

mee, it misbecomes you: shall's tread a lusty measure? I'me light, and active.

Viol. But grieve is heavy.

Alph. Thus wee'll shake it off, and thus. (capera)

Cal. Pray, why de'e use mee so? you bind my armes,
As if I meant to fight, an they were loose,
Indeed I wo't not, trust me, I'll kill no body.

Bent. Pray unbind her.

Cal. I never kill'd the poorest worme, or fly,
Though 'twere against my will, but that I wept for't,
And begg'd a pardon too, for sure 'twas murder.

Bent. Marry was it.

Urs. Poore Lady, she's distracted!

Val. Death on my fury, this fight brands my best actions
with a staine too deepe for penitence to wash away.

Cal. This exceeds cruelty, they will not let mee eate;
Looke I am pin'd almost to nothing.

Bent. A meere skeleton.

Cal. Had I but strength enough to struggle with heaven
By prayer, I'de expiate their sinnes, though they
Continu'd to be cruell.

Fung. Good Lady weepe not, for if you continue
These teares, my eyes will drop.

Cal. Yes, yes, they will drop out, oh happinesse!
Would mine would do so too; they smart extreemly;
Wer't not a curtesie, I thinke ere this
y' had pull'd 'em forth.

Fung. Lady, I say weepe not.

Bent. I say, ben't you a coxcombe.

Cal. Take away the foole, we are much indispos'd
To laugh to day, good heaven, they flout my miseries:
'Tis not well done, you may be sicke your selves,
Before you die; want one to bid God comfort,
When I am dead.

Bent. My Lord, a word — you are not priviledg'd
To do men wrong: you have done me one,
Pray take notice —

Alph.

Alph. Of what?

Cass. S'life he won't challenge him.

Grat. The old Lord's afraid on't.

Bent. — How patient I am.

Alph. 'Tis worth the noting, vertue is rare in you.

Cal. You Sir, do'e heare? they say you'le put
Poyson in my drinke; do, do, plot on, and be
A politicke foole, I see into your thoughts,
My eye-sight's cleare, thanke heaven, and yet I've liv'd
A long long while.

Val. Did you heare that?

Pier. 'Twas shrewd.

Bent. Fourescore, and ten, you cannot beleffe Madame.

Cal. Some ere this would have us'd spectacles, but I
Must suffer all.

Grat. View all the monuments, and tombes in Naples,
And if you find grieffe carv'd there in such varietie of postures
As these women stand in, sell mee for a statue.

Cass. This spectacle hath made mee one.

For. Good heavens, have you a curse beyond this?
Throw it on me; my guilt deserves it, and
Somewhat beyond your vengeance: afflict not Innocence,
It will be call'd your crime, not mine, that shee
Is miserable.

Cal. Looke ye, now I thinke on't, I've a fine devise
Come in my head, what thinke you of a play?
Wee'le act a play, a tragedy, wilt not be well?
Wee'le have a King in't, and he, (do'e understand?) he shall be
Kill'd, methinkes you'd act it handsomely.

Bent. My Lord, you'd play the foole in't, an old doating
foole rarely.

Cass. Now the curre bites.

Alph. If you'd lend mee your gowne, and cap, I should do't
better; then, a noyse of Musitians would be excellent.

Bent: Well, remember this.

Alph. Faith so I shall, as often as I am dispos'd to laugh.

Cal. No matter though, Ferrando, now I consider better on't.

D a

you

you shall not, you'd not do it well; do't to'th life, I'le not give a pin for't else: let me alone for one, I'de act that same Kings daughter, I can command a teare or two: if need bee, perhaps a sigh; if 'twere to rave, or grow starke mad, I should learne too: alas these playes are pretty moralls of our lives; fine, harmelesse, innocent sports.

Val. Her madnesse growes strongly upon her.

Syl. But Madame, pray what part shall I act?

Cal. Thou *Sylvio*? ---- th'art a pretty boy, but that thou weep'st so much; I feare th'ast spoyl'd thy face; with a little paint 'twould serve turn: thou shalt act some Lady in disguise.

Syl. How truly do I doe it?

(aside.)

Cal. One that has beene in love.

Syl. I should do that scurvily.

Cal. Why?

Syl. Because I can love none but you, and would be loath to dissemble, though but in jest.

Cal. Come, thou shalt not then; thou shalt be my page still.

Syl. Indeed Madame I should dye if I were otherwise: But pray, when will you be well? you have bin sicke a great while.

Cal. Yes, and shall be so till I am dead; say nothing *Sylvio*, I'll steale away from them, when they shall not know of't.

Syl. Not alone, I'll dye with you, and be buried with you if you will give mee leave.

Cal. *Ferrando*, you will see it done?

Fer. What Madame?

Cal. See us both buried, laid by my Father, he was a good, good King: build us a tombe as lasting as our names.

Bent. A very rich one Madame; I'll ensure you they're about it, with stately columnes, curious antickes, & glorious imagery.

Cal. There, let us both be cut in spotlesse marble,
It never shall upbraid us, we were innocent as that;
But innocence is no guard, it could not keepe
The tyrant out: my father's, let his be cut
Just as he fell, make a sword pierce his heart,
And let it bleed too, yet don't hurt the Statua,
I would not have you wound it, when 'tis like

My

My Father, like a King, left hee that do's it,
Learne thence to be a traitour, and in time
Wound you so too, *Ferrando*.

Fer. Mercy good heavens !

Cal. Pray why do'e weepe ? wee shall all sleepe quietly,
When we are dead, there is no noyse of chaines,
We shall not dreame of prisons, rackes or whips :
But every night shall see the Gods descend
On our soft slumbers, and kisse away our miseries.
Ladies, you'le see mee shrowded decently,
When I am dead, downe in the meade yon, where
Grimme *Pluto* stole his *Proserpine*, are still
The flowers she scatter'd : goe, bring 'em hither,
And strew me ore with 'em; she was a virgin chaste,
And I have heard that flowers of their gathering,
will never dye ; quickly make halt, 'tis said
we're very noysome after death, I would not
Offend then, cause I can't aske forgivenesse :
Before I die I'le breake my heart, and give
A piece to every one to weare in's bosome,
And you shall have it whole, *Ferrando*: pray
Use it as you would her you lov'd, while I
To quit these miseries will go pray, and die.

Bent. Now let me alone with her.

Exeunt Ursini, *Ferrando*, *leading out* Calantha
Bentivogli, *Sylvio*. *manent ceteri*.

ACT: II. SCEN: II.

Alp. Die ? and let her, what should wee do with her here
an shee be mad ? I hope Ladies you have more wit than to
die o'th fullens.

Val. Griefe dares not be so rude, did you but checke it.

Flor. Las Sir, our miseries have taught it insolence,

Pier. Rather your owne indulgence, Madame.

Val. Pleasure's the same in *Naples* as in *Sicily*.

Viol. So are our losses too.

Val.

Val. The eyes sad flux is tributary due
Unto your dead Lords memories, I confesse it,
It carries vertue in't, but how? whilst it is moderate.

Alp. Pish, let the dead care for themselves:
Did you but see how ugly sorrow looks.---

Pier. And then how fruitlesse.

Flor. Yes, where 'tis false, but wee } *Exeunt omnes præter*
} *Alphon: & Fungoso.*
Have griefe as reall as our misery.

Alp. Fun. thy judgement *Fun.* what think'st thou of these
Ladies?

Fun. In my judgement, (since your Lordship is pleas'd to
make use of my judgement,) which indeed (my good Lord)
is very small.

Alph. I perceive thou hast one good qualitie, thou wilt
speake truth.

Fun. Truth (my Lord) is precious; but I say in that little
judgement I have: (judgement, (since your Lordship was
pleas'd to terme it so) but that's all one,) in my minde they'r
mightily taken; --

Alph. With what?

Fun. A passion (my good Lord,) which the learned call
griete.

Alph. Thy judgement against any mans in *Naples*.

Fung. My Lord, I praise not my selfe, yet I can prove by
this that they are in love.

Alp. As how?

Fung. Griete alwayes followes love; if griete follow love,
love go's before, *ergo*, they're in love.

Alph. So, suppose now --

Fun. (My good Lord) I doe suppose.

Alph. What?

Fung. Even what your Lordship pleases.

Alph. Suppose then, any of 'em should be in love with mee,
would you? --

Fun. Yes my Lord.

Alph. What?

Fun. Any thing. --

Alph.

The Fatal Knion.

23

Alp: Bring her to my chamber.

Fun: — But pimper, it will contaminate. —

Alp: A fool's head, will it not? I say you shall bring her.

Fun: Nay then I will not bring her; *Alp*, shall bring her? shall bring her?

Alp: Nay but *Fun*. — Pox on him, he'll discover mee.

Exit Fun. Alp. running after him.

ACT: II. SCEN. III.

Ferrando. Ursini.

Fer: Bid me forsake heaven, my vertue, honour,
And all that's good — — — — — *(weeps)*

Urs. Fie, fie.

Fer. You doe not see mee weepe,
Distill mine eyes into a dew,
I will not shed one teare, not vent a sigh,
No not in private.

Urs. So, this becomes you —

Fer: I have shooke off all
Those weights that clogg'd my bosome — Wee can smile,
Shewes it not handsome?

Urs. Such a smile nere blest
The cheekes of Peace.

Fer: How art thou lost *Ursini*!
Discredited to truth by this vile flattery!
Thou shouldst have said, heaven smil'd, when set with clouds
Blacke as nights swarthy mantle, when the aire
Breakes out in hideous crackes, that cleave the Temple,
And strike dead the devout Priest at the Altar:
For this an easie faith would have beleev'd,
As having lesse of contradiction in't:
My soule is rapt with furies, here they gnaw,
Like knotted Adders wrapt about my heart.
Oh! my sides swell as they would breake, they want
A hoope, lend mee your arme, —

Urs. Circled in these

Embraces,

Embraces, you are safe : collect your selfe
(Deare Prince;) and let not passion triumph in
The conquest of your reason; thinke of your honour,
Your name, and spreading glories; how they dye.

Fer. I'me blacke and ugly; all
A whole staine already : Oh *Calantha*,
Thou goest to heaven, to tell *Ferrando* kill'd thee;
And those blest troopes of Saints will wreake thy murder;
There's not one but suffers in't.

Urf. --- The King!

Helpe here — Oh ! *Bentivoglio*, come, *Enter Bent.*
Come practice here, and raise your selfe a trophy
In his recovery.

Bent. Whence this sudden fit? — My Lord *Ferrando*;

Fer. Oh *Calantha*.

Bent. She lives,
Calantha lives.

Fer. What breath is that, that mockes us
With a false sound of our *Calantha's* life?
She lives; yet let old time adde to his age
But one short paire of minutes, shee shall be
No more:

Bent. No more distracted : next houre shall render
Calantha to your bosome faire, and well;
As rich in all the ornaments of minde,
As when she first blest *Naples* with her presence.

Fer. Truth's but a name : 'tis false, by heaven 'tis false;
Did not I leave her sunke upon her bed,
Into a soft, but everlasting sleepe?

Bent. So you suppos'd; and I have caus'd her women
To wrap her in her shrowd, then sit downe by her,
To weepe, and pray, as if 'twere for the dead.

Fer. As if? — abuse mee not, thy art
Shall be no priviledge; she's gone, she's gone.

Urf. Ben't so passionate; but heare him.

Fer. *Ursini*, I have done.

Bent. After a strict enquiry into the nature

Of her disease, I finde it by each symptome,
A melancholy deepe, not dangerous :
The parents which produc't it, grieve and abstinence
From meate, and sleepe ; which as it hath encreas't,
Has brought her now to such an extreame dotage,
That she do's verily suppose her selfe,
While living dead: In which false supposition
I've caus'd her women to continue her,
By shrowding her to her owne desire,
Strewing her o're with flowers, then weeping o're her
Fer: What helpe from this ?

Bent: Much Sir, this will worke her
Into a strong opinion, that shee's dead
Indeed, to confirme which I have prepar'd
Some two or three, trick't up in the same fashion
With shrowdes, and chaplets, who shall sit downe by her,
Walke, talke, eate, drinke, sleepe, in all which actions
Calantha will streight imitate them : Now I have prepar'd
A potion which they shall give her,
To make her sleepe, the onely remedy
Of her disease ; this I lately practis'd in the French Court,
Yet lost no credit by the experiment.

Urs. You may beleeeve him Sir, he's one of the skilfullest
Physicians our age has boasted of, Padua is proud of such an
ornament.

Fer: Thus my *Virginio*.

My best, my dear't *Virginio* : thou dost breath
A musicke to my soule, cures my distemper :
Thou art an honest man, we'le found a Colledge,
With a large pension to maintaine the Students
In thy rare science ; thou shalt governe there,
And when thou dyest, we'le build a monument
Unto thy name, taller than *Egypt's* Pyramides.

Bent: These o're your Court promises,
I'le onely studie some revenge, for you old Lord,
Then I'le returne to'th Universitie, & dream on'em.

Fer: For thee *Ursini*, we will onely live

(aside.

Exit

Bent.

To

E

To do thee honour, that shall be our glory ;
The world shall know thee great, and envie thee
Thy share, both in our kingdome, and our soule.

Urf. Your goodnesse, my Lord, is as unlimited
As heavens.

Fer. You're sad *Ursini* : has our Niece
Given you no cause of joy, by her soft answer ?

Urf. None, —

Fer. The obstacle? tell mee ; ift' be any in Court she affects,
by my honour I'll remove him.

Urf. None but this, that she's too much wedded to Heaven,
and her devotions.

Fer. If that be all, shee's thine.

Urf. A blisse, I would for ever live t'enjoy. — *Enter Zisco.*
With mee? — *whispers Ursini.*

Fer. What would that Moore ?

Urf. He has letters here from his holinesse,
In which I'me certifi'd, that he lately turn'd Christian,
And has well deserv'd i'th warres,
Against the Turke ; — The King admits you to
His hand.

Zis. I am in heaven too soone.

Fer. We'll view his holinesse commendations,
Then heare this Moore, discourse the fight at large ;
My griefes begin to vanish ; they'r much lighter
Than of late they were, I know not why,
But 'tis a good presage.

Urf. Be neere us.

Exeunt, Fer, Ursini.

Zis. Thus farre I'me safe, heaven is just, and smiles
On my designe, now all that's powerfull
To move my spirits, to incite revenge
Appeare, if not to fight, to memory ;

Alberto : father : and my deare, deare sister,
Poore lost *Felicia*! — Ha! he groanes, I heare him;
Shee sighs poore maid, wrings her hands, cries alas,
Looke, looke I see 'em, there, there, sacred shades —
Vanish't, and I'me deluded ; no they'r angry

At my delay :

I'le haſt,—for that revenge muſt needs be juſt
Which puniſhes two ſinnes, murder, and luſt.

Exit.

ACT. II. SCEN. IV.

Calantha diſcovered lying upon a banke of flowers, with a chaplet upon her head. enter ſeverall wayes ſixe furies, in anticke poſtures : at the ſound of the Muſicke they dance, which ended, enter Mercury conducting in a Chorus of Ghoſts : the Furies runne ſeverall wayes : Mercury goes to Calantha, touches her with his rod, whereupon ſhe riſes, and he ſpeakes.

Merc: Happy ſoules that hither come
To enjoy Elizium;
Rob'd of bodies though you be,
Y are richer by ſuch poverty;
For with them y' have put off paine,
Making of your loſſe, your gaine:
Now your ſoules may meete and kiſſe,
Bathing in eternall bliſſe;
Nor can you ſurfeit, each delight
Whets, and quiets appetite;
Yet the joyes you feed upon
Ne're encrease, nor ere are done;
Freely you may taſte, and ſpend 'em,
Yet nor you, nor time can end 'em:
Where without a fading ray.
Yee enjoy eternall day,
Trace theſe groves, whoſe every path
Myriads of true lovers hath;
Where diſporting, you may prove
A new, but happier, purer love:
Such, whoſe flames, though th' ever ſhine
Yet conſume not, but refine.

Exit Mer:

Having thus finiſh't, the Ghoſts joyn with Calantha in ſome ſolemne meaſures, which ended, a banquet is ſerv'd in, they ſit downe, and invite Calantha, to the ſame. who willingly accompanies them, and as ſhee prepares to drinke, they put an Opiate cup in her hand; ſhee drinckes, and ſuddenly falls aſleepe; they betweene them carry her out. &c.

ACT: II. SCEN. V.

Valenzo, Piero, Charintha.

Val. I am too tame *Piero*, hold mee not,
Lest in deferring of a punishment,
I make the sinne mine owne; had all malice
Dwell't in one tongue, all slander too beene hous'd
Under the same rooſe with it, and both buſie
To plot the ruine of my owne faire name;
I could have ſtood unmov'd: but my *Charintha*!
Heavens! ye ought t'inspire me with revenge,
Such as you'd call a Synode to contrive,
That I may meete this hell-borne raviſher
Of my *Charintha's* ſpotleſſe fame, with vengeance
As mighty as his crime.

Pier. Her vertue is
It ſelfe an antidote againſt all ſuch poyſons;
His breath no more can ſtaine that innocent whitenesse,
Which ever dwell't upon her ſoule, than hee,
That in a ſond maliciousneſſe would throw
Dirt at the Sunne, could ſulley the leaſt ray;
Her memory, when hee, and's lying marble
Conſume to duſt, and rottenneſſe, ſhall dwell
On earth like a perfume, after the ſacrifice,
Pleaſing to God, and men.

Char: If I have us'd
Any immodest braveries, appear'd
In wanton gaudineſſe, a hot temptation
To'th youthfull flowings of the blood;
If I have entertain'd one looſer thought
But ſuch as Chaſtitie's cold votaries,
When they breath out a ſoule into her boſome,
Might ſafely nourish; if I've miſemploy'd
One houre, in which with ſtrict endeavour, I
Might have gain'd ſomewhat to my ſtocke of vertue,
(The onely dower I'de meete your love withall,)

May

May I be guilty of that sinne, my honour,
My virgin honour's blasted with, and die
A loath'd Apostate.

Val. Now you grieve, I suffer double;
Forgive mee Lady, I have wrong'd you, and
Onely I.

Char. Mocke not my teares, they are holy.

Val. I, that to purchase fame, and idle breath,
Could venter forth abroad into the world,
And leave thee here a prey to ravenous wolves;
Expose thee tender yeares of a weake virgin
To labour 'gainst the furious tyde of lust
That has assaulted thee; that my low birth
Should stand in need of such additions,
To raise mee to a height, might equall yours:
That vertue and not blood ennobled us,
This then had never hap'ned.

Char. Greatnesse transmitted
Has lesse of Divinity; your honours
Are vertues purchase, and your owne deservings.

Valenzo thou return'st in glorious triumph,
Rich, from the conquest of a noble foe,
And yet not laden with the gaudy spoyle
So much, as with the valour of the enemy:
As if th'ad'st envyy'd them their vertue onely,
And sought'st to rob 'em of it; all for mee:—

Val: I've wav'd a plume, dight mee i'th warlike garbe,
Manag'd a sword, or shooke a dreaded speare,
Look't terrible, bin pittilesse to those
That begg'd a life, revell'd in citties sack't,
And rifled tents: too poore and triviall matters
To point at such rich ends as thee, (my love.)
Thy blood runnes high, there's not one purple streame
Cas'd in these azure veines, but is deriv'd
From'th spring of Princely ancestry, and th'art
The wealthy storehouse of their fortunes too.

Char. Las! what are these, but what the owner makes them?

Of themselves nothing, only as we use them,
Are good or bad, a blessing or a curse :

Val. But then their vertues, by a thriftie providence,
Are all summ'd up in thy blest selfe, and make thee
A happinesse which if injoy'd must bee
Bestow'd by gift, because above all purchase.

Char: No (my *Valenzo*,) vertue's ravish't hence,
Charintha's strumpetted ; her name is rank't
P'th vulgar breath, 'mongst common prostitutes;
Pardon, (my love) shall't never wed thy shame,
Thy jealousie.

Val. *Charintha*, thou art cruell, and hast learn'd
An art to wound to'th death, yet keepe alive
Whom thou hast kill'd, Obe but speedy in
Thy execution, and when I come below:
And walke those fields, that haplesse lovers trace,
I will report thee milde, soft as the Turtle in her downe.

Char. What meanes *Valenzo* ?

Val. Perhaps report has injur'd mee, and noys'd
That I was jealous of *Charintha's* love ;
And you contriv'd this plot to make mee hate you ;
Or, if you should repent, (as well you may,)
Your favours so ill plac't, upon a subject
So poore and worthlesse; take 'em backe againe,
Live happy in a better choyce, *Charintha*.
(*Pardon my love, shall't never wed thy shame.*)

Char. Farre, farre be such a thought !

Pier. Your both abus'd,
Grossely abus'd: *Ursini's* politicke plots
May meete an eye, that can discerne of objects
Farre subtler than they are; come, come,
'Way with this passion, Love has something else
To employ you in :

Val. Th'ast rob'd mee of a soule : —

Char: Take in this kisse mine in exchange againe.

Ser. That's my Lady Sir,

Fun. There, — take it I say ;

(*Kisse.*

{ *Enter*
{ *Fung:*
{ *Serv.*
{ *Ser.*

Ser. My office will scarce deserve it.

Exit Serv.

Pier. Fungoso, as I wish't, he is Ursini's agent, this will confirm my relation; let's step aside. (Val. Pier. step behinde the Arras.)

Fun. Ha! What are these? Presto, be gone; they are vanish't: men of office these, — and must be rewarded. ———
Madame. ———

Char. Come, to your businesse.

Fung. S'lfe the Ladie's rampant: (aside.) soft and faire, two words to a bargaine, now will I seeme to neglect her, and she'll streight court mee.

Char. Sure the man's mad.

Fung. Not with love, sweete Lady; I can hold discourse with your Ladiship, under the losse of my little wits.

Char. A blest security; but your errand, your errand, Sir.

Fung. What do'e take mee for? a foote-post.

Char. Some such thing.

Fung. Goe, y'are a ———

Char. What?

Fung. A merrily dispos'd Lady; but faith, what doe you thinke sweete, I have a grant of his Lordships reversion.

Char. Of cast suits.

Fung. La you now, you would make me angry; pretty piece of ingenuity; you understand mee, was his Lordship wholesome?

Char. Stop his mouth, he breathes infection. { Enter Val:

Val. Traytour.

{ Pier: & draw.

Pier. Devill. (kils him.

Fun. Oh! oh! I'me dead, I'me dead, I'me dead. (dies.

Val. Dares he abuse me to my face? ——— Piero

Thou hast prevented me; it shall nere be said,

That thou wer't forwarder to vindicate

Charintha's fame than I, then her Valenzo.

Nor shall the cause, but the revenge be mine;

I'll shew my rage can flow as well as thine.

Exeunt. (Val. with his sword drawne.

ACT. II.

ACT: II, SCENE: VI.

Ursini. Sylvio.

Urs. Th'ast told a pretty story ; ----- weepe no more,
 I see the Cupids angry in thine eyes,
 That with thy teares, th'ast quench't their burning arrowes ;
 Spare 'em untill th'art old, and spend 'em then
 On thy whole stocke of finnes : thou play'st the tyrant ;
 And rob'st thy selfe of all that beauteous treasure,
 Nature instructed thee withall.

Syl. Ah mee !

Would I had never had it, that alone
 Has onely caus'd my griefe :

Urs. Thou art passionate.

Syl. The virgins lov'd my innocence, and it
 When I was yet a child.

Urs. So thou told'st mee boy:
 But after thou arriv'd'st in *Sicily*,
 How far'd it with thee ?

Syl. Judge Sir, by these teares.

Urs. Did thy friend leave thee ?

Syl. Yes, and the world too ; I know hee would not have
 beene so unkind else.

Urs. Then went'st thou to the Princeesse,

Syl. Begg'd reliefe from her.

Urs. Why did'st not returne ?

Syl. 'Twas told mee there, my Parents streightway dyed,

Urs. Thou shalt have new ones, royall ones my boy ;
 A Princely payre, that pride them in their youth,
 And innocent sweetnesse ; whose Majesties shall shed
 As vigorous rayes on thee, as on the issue,
 Th'ensuing nuptiall promises to spring
 From their owne loynes.

Syl. Those are favours Sir,

That become them to give, not me to take.

Urs. Thou hast deserv'd them boy, *Calantha* speakes thee

A mi-

A miracle of love and piety;
Is passionate in thy praise, all to win
Affection from the Prince to thee, dry up
Those teares; which till this time did never flow
Offensive unto any:

This day is consecrate to mirth and Hymen,
'Tis sinne to weare a frowne, or folded brow,
For every smile, thou lend'st them now, they'l pay
A thousand backe againe: *Exit. Ursini.*

Syl. A large requitall!—
A smile from my *Ferrando*? oh 'twas heaven,
Felicia, whilst thou wish'st it! now thou hast
Obtain'd it, 'tis a hell; the antidote
Is now become my poyson: Tyrant love
That sport'st thee at the paines, thy Martyrs feele
And mak'st thy salve apply'd, wound when't should heale.
Exit.

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

*Ferrando, Ursini, Calantha, Alph:
Violetta, Florinda, Sylvio.*

Fer. Come my *Calantha*, to consummate that joy,
By mutuall vov'es before the Altar made,
Which thy returne to life, to health, and reason,
Hath begun in me; those minutes which bring
Us any good, are swift and fleeting, and
Once past not to be recall'd, who knowes
Whether heaven will still be bountifull;

Cal. Or smile upon this hasty Union:

Fer. Yes royall mayde, they have prepar'd thee for it,
By the addition of new warmth and strength:

Cal. For more sorrowes; pray let's backe, this day
(There's something whispers to me) will prove fatall.

Fer. *Ursini*, see she weepes!
I've tooke thee from a sea of teares, (my *Venus*)

F

And

And thou art dropping wet yet.

Syl. 'Tis ominous, this might have bin my marriage day;
But heaven forgive, and prosper him. *(aside)*

Fer. Create a Sun-shine,
With thine owne smiles thou mayst; and dry thee in't:
Let the dull Negro dive to fetch thee Jewells,
These scatter'd seedes of pearle, are all too rich
And pompous for ornament; the least of these
Thy fond neglect has dropt, would purchase heaven.

Cal. Blame not my pious thrift, I shed them for't;
Thither my journey tends, I shortly shall arrive there.

Fer. Thou yeeldst too much to passion!

Cal. These rites,
(If we may credit what our dreames fore-tell,)
Will turne to funerall obsequies, for such
This morning, (when your carefull art had bound
My senses up.) fancy presented 'em.
Methought I saw,

Aurora from the East come weeping up,
Wrapt in nights sables, and the following day
Pac't slowly on, in griefes sad livery;
The pensive windes sigh'd forth a solemne dirge,
And strove to blow our marriage tapers out;
When you *Ursini* joynd in the solemnitie,
I saw you looke, like *Sicily's* pale ghost,
Broke from the hollow Caverns of the earth;
This hand *Ferrando*, at each gentle touch
Mouldred to ashes; on your lip there sate
A frost, which when I tasted straight convey'd
An icy chilnesse thorough every joynt;
The stammering Priest methought mistooke the rites,
And stead of those are us'd at nuptials,
Sung a short requiem to our soules, committed
All that was left of us, to the earth, our last
Cold bed.

Alph. I warrant you Ladies, this was because she lay alone;
you should advise her better.

Urs. 'Twas

Urf. 'Twas the intemperance of your disease
Suggested these Chimæra's.

Fer. And with it they are fled.

Cal. No, no *Ferrando*;

I've sinn'd against my fathers ghost; ere yet
His royall corps had slept two silent Moones
I'th' peacefull earth, or ere I had payd downe
Just tribute of my teares, I've chang'd my fables
For a gay nuptiall garment, whose light out-side
Denotes the loosenesse of a lighter minde,
To which griefe should have bin perpetuall guest.

Fer. Urge it no more, thy misery's Virgin Queene
Are powerfull with me, and have taught this breast
A sad repentance.

Cal. Canst thou *Ferrando* then repent?

Fer. I can, that I have wrong'd thy innocence,
Kill'd thy father.

Cal. O take me to thy soule, wee'l mingle sighs,
And teares, which still shall flow together from us,
As if the motion were but one; and those
So frequent, that the stones, which cloth his dust,
Shall soften into turfe, from whence shall spring
A bed of flowers, creeping about the grave,
As if they'd strew themselves upon him, then
Whither, that men might thinke we wept for them.

Fer. Yet pardon Love, when ever I remember
He was a Prince, a Prince of equall power,
And strength with him he wrong'd; that he once stood
A barre betwixt our loves, or rather mockt
Our hopes of mutuall enjoyment; that
For his owne peevish humour, he would ruine
The edifice, that we had built to honour,
I glory in the act.

Cal. Take pittie on me courteous death!
My thoughts are growne more terrible then thou!
I am monstrous, a prodigy in nature, one with
Him, that was my fathers murderer.

F 3

Fer. Royall

Fer. Royall my Queene!
'Tis the excesse of pietie,
The errour of your duty, that thus wrongs
The iustice of my cause.

Cal. Yet you might have spar'd
His life, and made it your just praise, that you
Could conquer, and not kill :

Fer. He was so eager in the pursuite of the foe,
When first he routed us, that willingly
He ran upon my sword, that stood t'oppose
His haste, and met a death instead of victory.

Urs. Nay rather we may say, that he met both
Who triumphs over life, and all the misery's
That too officiously attend upon it;
Crowne his pale statua, with victorious wreaths,
And call his unkinde fate, his happinesse!
His fall was honourable, Kings like other men
Travell to death, they goe i'th' common roade,
Are in their end as sensible of paine
As the base peasants, whom they by and by
I'th' grave are equall with; their only priviledge
Is in their executioner, who would not rather
Fall under a Kings hand, than yeeld his life
Up to a weake disease, a Feaver, Gout,
Or grating Stone, which had he mist this stroke,
Might streight have seiz'd him; and have rob'd him of
The glory of his end?

Cal. I cannot yeeld
So farre to reason, but I still must looke
Upon you, as an enemy to *Sicily*;
As him that kill'd my father, and so hate you;
Yet I must love you too : when first we met
Together in your Tent, both arm'd (you know)
I would have fought, nay, and have kill'd you too,
(Could skill or strength have done it, some I had
Of both;) yet I meant not to survive you,
Nor should I neede t'have made another wound

To let mine owne life out, I'd dyed with yours.

Fer: *Ursini* thou must quit some interest in my love,

Calantha —

Ursi: Deserves it all;

'Twere a sinne no lesse than sacriledge,
To rob her o'th least part of your affections.

Fer: My faculties are growne
All to one power, call'd love, and you engrosse it
Whole to your selfe; yet have it still entire
To my *Calantha*, 'tis a divers flame,
That burnes mee, yet but one, each takes it's difference,
And being from the object, be you still
My friend, & thou my love, whom when we have once joyn'd
Unto our amorous folds, thus we will move
And of our armes make a new spheare for love.

Exeunt, with a long flourish.

ACT: III. SCEN: II.

Grutti. Cassio.

Grut. — This way? to'th Temple saist?

Cass: Married by this;

The Prince is fierce and eager in's desires,
Impatient of delay.

Grut. But seem'd not she unwilling? (nicenesse,

Cass. There appear'd somewhat more in her, than in a virgin
They are here: — (They returne from the Temple) Flourish.

Ursi: The Priest has done his office, all delights
The married have a priviledge in, are yours:
Be bold in the enjoyment, what ere while
Was term'd a loosenesse in desire, is now
A vertuous thought: those flames which cloth your Soules
Are chaste and holy, dalliance is your devotion.

Fer. Yet you my Royall faire, can weare mee at
A carefull distance, tremble at each touch
Of hand or lip, as if you fear'd a rape:
— Display this beauteous treasure, lovely sweete

And let these flowers which dwell upon thy cheek,
 Like those proud Maja weares, i'th smiling ides
 Blaze wild and open— see ! they are fresh and lively,
 Their odour flies to heaven in sacrifice ! *(kissing ber.)*
 Jove I'me thy rivall;— and will share thy incense :
 Sweete as the purple smoake arising from
 The Phoenix funerall pile, or Southerne breath
 Perfum'd with all Arabia's spiceries.

Flo: Good my Lord ! you will too much indeare us to you
 with your courtesies.

Viol: And being strangers we are apt to betraduc't:
 Our good names are precious, they are all we have left
 Unconquer'd.

Urs: Hymen applaud's this early piety:
 The doves that drive the chariot of loves Queene,
 Are swift in motion, and those happy troopes,
 Which waite upon her triumphs, mak't their strife
 Which shall out-runne the other, those that lagge
 Cupid will whip with roses to the Altar.

Gal: Henceforth (my Lord) I must attend your will,
 Let me but drop a teare or two upon
 My father's dust, and with his memory
 I'll bid farewell to griefe.

Urs. This vault containes it.

Fer: Let us pay our last duties.

Urs. The Quire attends without.

A Tombe discovered: &c.

Song within.

Chor: Noblest bodies are but gilded clay ;
 put away

But the precious shining rinde ;
 The inmost rottenesse remaines behind.

1. Kings, on earth though gods they be,
 Yet in death are vile as we ;
 He, a thousands King before,

Now

The Fatall Vnion.

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Now is vassall unto more.

2. Vermine now insulting lye,
And dig for Diamonds in each eye;
Whil'st the scepter bearing hand
Cannot their inroades withstand.

3. Here doth one in odours wade
By the regall anction made,
While another dares to gnaw
On that tongue, his peoples law.

Chor: Fooles! ah fooles are we, who so contrive,
And do strive,
In each gaudy ornament,
Who shall his corps in the best dish present.

Fer: 'Tis well; enough is wept for Sicily; cheare up,
We have other vowes to pay, and as religious ones
As these: we made them at the Altar; and
If we performe them not, shall forfeit all
Our after joyes:—remove those objects there;
We have no use of fables now; they breed
Melancholy thoughts; we will be loud,
And big in mirth, as full of pride as noyse,
Till wee draw envie on our revels; which
Nor fate, nor the dull stoicke shall controule,
Whose fullen faith is the disease of's soule.

Exeunt, with a flourish.

ACT: III. SCEN. III.

Bentivoglio.

Bent: Revenge! wer't thou more ugly than ere Painter
Limb'd witch or fury, I could kisse thee now,
For thy so opportunely prompting mee;
These brace of Courtiers here, my trim complotters,
Have try'd my skill upon their bodies; and now
I'me dearer to them, then their confessor,
Both these have sworne to further my designe,

I

I have against this Lord, this dotard; who
 Hath heat his blood so with carousing healths,
 That he's growne wild and furious; beleeves
 His strength more able in these love-firkes,
 Than when he was i'th pride, and prime of youth;
 Him are these two, according to instructions
 Leading into the snares, that I've spread for him;
 Into which, if they, and blind fortune conduct him,
 I'll use him lesse gently, than I would a noyse
 Of gowty-check't trumpetters: — They'r here. *{ Ent. Cass.*
 I'll be with you streight. — *{ Grut. Alph.*
Exit Bent.

Alph Hymen is now predominant; the Starres
 Will have it so; I must and will be married. *Grut. Married?*

Alph: Yes, yes, you shall have favours, favours, Gentle-
 men: bring mee but to the sight of a woman, I'll clap up a
 match with her, and to bed streight; and if I don't outdoe
Hercules at his thirteenth labour, cut of my dainty dowsets,
 and feed dogs with 'em.

Cass. Hee deflour'd fifty virgins in one night, I hope you
 won't marry so many.

Alph. Yes, and thou wilt get so many i'th Kingdome, fifty?
 what's fifty? I'll have a monopoly of 'em, get 'em all with
 child with males, and they shall be borne with beards on.

Cass. These might have bin some likelyhood of this once,
 but now you are old.

Alp. Old? ha! ha! the! *Grutti, Grutti*, dost heare him? ha! ha!
 he! prithee how old? how old dost thinke? have I not a warm
 moist palme? do's not my pulse beat strong, and healthy?

Grut. The flowings of your blood, that downy chin, and
 these full veines, speake you — some twenty, Sir.

Alp: And of complexion sanguine, I know it by my dreams.

Grut. The rose-buds now are blooming on your cheekes,
 And ope themselves into a crimson blush;
 This haire curls up like wire, and and speakes you lusty,
 Your strength is bold, and daring.

Alp. Beleeve it, I'me a wanton.

Cass. Come let's to a wench then.

Grut.

Grut. Hang marrying, 'tis a slavery !

Cass. A meere purgatory !

Grut. An hell to be bounde to one, and shee prove false, ugly, or loude, when wee may enjoy our liberties, to take or leave 'em, as our stomach serves us; have the choice beautyes runne into our armes, and every night a fresh one.

Alph. Hey ! to a Wench; to a Wench ! *(capers !)*
now an I were King it should bee treason for any subject to marry.

Cass. Allow 'em but Wenches, and 't will be well enough.

Alph. Or to lye with a Woman.

Cass. How would you doe for subjects then ?

Alph. Perhaps an I had a minde to't, I'de get all my subjects my selfe, ha ! what sayst thou to't, *Gentils* ?

Grut. I say 'tis fit, you have a minde. *(Enter Bentiv.)*

Alph. *Bentivoglio* ! wee are friends, come thou shalt along with us, to a wench, old trangdido, to a wench, and thou shalt so bumfiddle her.

Bent. Nay, good my Lord, touch no more upon that string; but d'ee heare ? I came to carry you to one.

Alph. Art right ? art right ? old boy ! these Phyfitians are notable jerkers, come, where's their rendez-vous ?

Bent. In my Lodgings.

Alph. Ha ? how many ? — how many ? — — — what's that there ?

Bent. A draught to provoke.

Cass. — — — Sleepe. *(aside)*

Alph. Nay good *Bentivoglio* give it mee, a whole one, a whole one !

Bent. Be moderate ; you'le take the next beggar you meete else ; & then the Ladyes expectation yonder will be frustrate.

Alph. Ha ! ha ! he ! Super naculum ! my old bully lively, my authentick *Don*, soule of pleasure ; line of life ; let's too't ; such a violent fit o'th sudden, a dozen Calentures are an ague to't ; twenty Juleps will not coole one wish.

Bent. Let's have him to bed quickly, and h'e le him warme ; Bonum erit si sudaverit,

Grut. Foh ! his breath stinkes oth University.

Bent. Signior tis not pertum'd : — now will I goe fetch these Ladyesto him; & if he have courage enough but to speak to em; I'le forfeit my art, and turne tooth-drawer. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. IV.

A noise within of clashing of Swords, some cry, treason ! treason. Enter Urini, and Valenzo fighting.

Urf. My Lord ! —

Val. Villaine !

Urf. The injury, I I am not any way conscious. —

Val. Traytor thou lye'st;

Hell, and thy selfe the greater mischiefe, has
Conspir'd to ruine goodnesse. —

*Enter the Guard with Piero, they
seize on Valenzo. & exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. V.

Violetta, Florinda.

Viol. Madame ! y'have view'd these gardens; — has not art
Sweetely conspir'd with nature, to make up
A pleasure of variety ?

Flor. It takes exceedingly. —

*(Looking upon and for-
ting her flowers.)*

Viol. What do's ?

Flor. Pretty indeede,

To have these flowers reade morall lectures to us.

Viol. Yet Madame, you can finde in your heart to treade
Them underfoore, scorning as much the beauty,
As the rare sence they cary.

Flor. Yes I can,

Yet streight I turne, and plucke 'em ; — binde 'em up,
In one faire volume, thus —

Viol. And what reade you, pray ?

Flor. The emblemes of true vertues in each leafe,
Imprinted there, at natures proper charges.

Viol. What thinke you of this Lilly ?

Flor.

Flor: It figures innocence.

Viol: Weare it in your bosome.

Flor: Innocence indeed

Should be the breasts faire individuall mate.

Viol: It will become you well.

Flor: So will this crowne Imperiall your head,
Pray stick it there.

Viol: I should be the envie of the Court then,
Tis a pretty flower, what think you if I carry it to the Prin-

Flor: Fit, very apt and fit, Lady, — as fit (cesse)

A gift, as this were for a Lord, an hony-suckle,
The amorous woodbindes off-spring; it emblemes love;

Viol: You would not have us make love?

Flor: This mylticke way has bin allow'd of;

Viol: And practis'd? *Flor:* Yes, and practis'd.

Viol: Sure I should never do't.

Flor: No Madame? why are not men creatures
As worthy Courtship, as wee?

Viol: Oh! but we are women!

Flor: Oh! but we are proud.

Viol: Shall I take't on your experience?

Flor: Or your owne: — ha! whose voyce is that?

Song within.

My heart is big with griefe, my wombe with lust,

Both fruits of my too easie trust;

Breake first my heart, and it will be

To wofull mee

The welcom'st, and most safe delivery.

Enter Sylviu with a Lute.

Syl. Hence my delight! thou art turn'd traytour to mee:
Thy strings convey'd a poyson to my eares,
And they dranke deeply of it; — yet forbear,
Alas it was my selte, my inward griefe,
Throwne from the soule in often sighs, that made
Thy sound infectious; 'tis with that as guilt,
It growes still greater as 'tis borne about,
And poysons every thing should worke it's cure.

G 2

Viol.

Viol. Is not this *Sylvio*, *Calantha's* Page?

Flor. A lover growne? las pretty innocence.
How finely sorrow shewes there — ! That, that passion
Is well express't; now sigh, then knock the breast. Excellent.

Viol. Let's use the benefit of this shade, to hide
Our selves, and secretly acquainted grow
With the blacke storie of his sad mishap.

Syl. Felicia.

How has thy name, thy selfe, thy friend deceiv'd thee !
That onely wert acquainted with the sound
Of happinesse; mock't with a false report,
Into a reall misery; whose easie nature
(The greatest foe unto it selfe, was flatter'd)
Out of a virgin treasure; and then left
Rifled of all; but (what griefe now is preying on)
A haplesse life — yet cruell theefe, th'ast left
So much of thee behind, as shall hereafter
Tell to the world a darke and gloomy tale
Of thy blacke perjury.

Flor. Haldo's he riddle,
Or play with griefe?

Viol. No 'tis too like a truth.

Sylv. Me thinkes each thing
I meete withall upbraids my fond credulity;
The soaring larke hovers aloft i'th aire,
At distance from th'enchanted glasse, that Courts
Her to her ruine! the fearefull Quail
Suspects and shuns the musicke of the pipe
That sings her into fetters.
Onely poore I am sillier than these;
Witnesse th'untimely swelling of this wombe
Pregnant to my disgrace; — As I lay hid
In yonder thicket, the brambles gently swell'd,
And hid my shame, which yet each triviall winde
But dallying with, perswaded from my covert !
And left mee naked to heaven's eye; the boughs
Of the next willow clung about my head,

As if they'd knit themselves into a garland,
Which I should weare for my forsaken lover,—

Flor. Very pretty!

Viol. Wer't not so sad.

Sylv. Oh you the weake supporters of my woes,
Why do'e faile mee now at greatest need?
Beare mee at least into some hollow cave
Where I may die, free from an after scorne;
And not when I am dead, be found the shame
Of our traile sex;— Oh! I faint, and fall,
Just like the early branches of some tree,
Whose hasty sap shootes into early fruit,
Till the o're-laden boughs cracke with the weight,
Ere yet they bee full ripe. ——— (Staggeres off.)

Flor. I am amaz'd, a woman!

Viol. Some Lady here o'th Court, I'le lay my life on't;
Let's to the Princessse and informe her of it. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. VI.

Ferrando. Ursini. (*Valenzo, Piero, with guard about them.*)

Fer.—Let mee eternally perish to honour,
If their heads answer not for this foule insolence.

Urs. Though't be a sin of that portentous bulke,
That 'tstartles all the gods, and justice selfe
Wakes from a long dead lethargie to meete it:
Yet Kings are great as they, and spight of fate
Or rigorous lawes, may triumph in their mercy.

Fer. Away with 'em to execution;
Him, and his fellow murderer, away:
—Pardon a Traytour?

Urs. Though you might urge, 'twere treason of that height,
That none but they could thinke of, much lesse act:
That murder cries for murder, blood for blood:
That he whose innocence they sacrific'd
To their mad fury, was your loyall subject;
This on your marriage day — to affront Hymen.

And when your nuptiall torch burnt brightest, dead it
 With bloud, into a sickly glimmering taper :
 That they should dare assault me !— i'th' Court ---
 One whom your goodnesse has bin pleas'd to looke
 Into a life, and honours, plac't i'th' state,
 Only to interpose my selfe betweene,
 And meet all dangers that are shot at you.

Fer. 'Twas a murder

Intended on our person, but that Heaven ----

Urf. Was just in the prevention ; True it might be so,
 And were it, yet upon submission
 Such faults have beene remitted.

Fer. Away with 'em, I'll heare no more.

Val. Downe holy anger ! ---- (aside)

One word, and I'me gone— you are my Sovereigne,
 And there's divinitie worne in that title,

Which I adore, and thinke my selfe as happy
 In this so early doome, since you are pleas'd with't,
 As heaven had spoke it; though not till old age,
 When nature claim'd it as a due ! Yet Sir

Be gentle to my memory ; and if

At any time my crimes appeare before you,

Fresh in your thought, to staine my Heraldrie,

The happy mention of my vertuous acts,

From some that love my dust, shall rise to pleade

My innocence—; and may you never live

To curse th' untimely hand, or houre that rob'd you

Of so much loyaltie!— for you *Ursini*—

If ere your name shall fall in mention, when

I come i'th other world, expect me not

Your friend; I feare me, I shall tell sad tales

In th'eares of heaven;— Farewell—

Exeunt Val. Pier.
with a guard.

Fer. Impudent Traytour!

Urf. Yet still I dare be good ; and spight of all
 His hate, or malice to me, thus stand up
 To begge his life.

Fer. Not after so much injury?

Urf. Yes,

The Fatall Vnion.

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Urf. Yes, if *Valenzo* dare be sinfull still
In wrongs, it shall be call'd my piety
To suffer.

Fer. Th'art all goodnesse;—for thy sake
Wee'le mixe some mercy with our doome,
He that submits first to thee, has his pardon;
See iustice done on th'other; this sentence
Shall stand irrevocable;— *Exit. Fer.*

Urf. This sentence stand irrevocable?
Plague to your easie nature! —
Ha! this 'tis to over-act; how have I almost fool'd myself, out
Of my owne plots; (*He that doth first submit?*)
I were in a fine case now, if *Piero*
Should not accept a life on this condition.
I'le send to him—*Cassio! Grutti!* who waites there? —

(Exit Urf.)

ACT. III. SCEN. VII.

Calantha, Sylvio, Flor. Viol.

Cal. Ladies, pray absent your selves a while;— *{ Ex. Viol.*
—With child? impudent whore! to what cur'd *{ Flor.*
Have thy sinnes swolne thee? *(lumpe*

Syl. Oh, me miserable!

Cal. Hence ingrate wretch! that hast abus'd my favours
So farre, till thou hast made a sin of charitie:
—Ha! dost weepe? —

My rare dissembler! those teares which art hath taught
To flow, carry more sinfull cunning in 'em,
Then those the flattering *Syrens* weare upon
Their cheekes, when they court man to ruine:
Yet tell me ere you goe, whom have those lookes
Beguill'd, and train'd into your sinfull armes.

Syl. You must prepare your selfe for a sad story then:

Cal. Yes, like enough, a tale as sad, and dismall
As that of *Troy*, and as much truth in't too!
Quickly, dispatch, before my anger prove
Too masculine!—and be modest in'th relation.

Syl. You'le

Syl. You'le wish't untold.

Cal. Undone I doe! but why
This tedious circumstance? it do's involve
Your guilt.

Syl. Know then, that when I was my selfe
My name was —

Cal. What?

Syl. Felicia!

Cal. Alberto's daughter?

Syl. Yes his — that was once *Alberto*
Durazzo's farre-fam'd Marquesse; till
His cruell Master seiz'd on's life, and honours,
At his returne from *Sicily* i'th first warres;
Where he receiv'd a fatall overthrow.

Cal. He was in action bold, and valiant!
However fortune wrought him this disgrace;

Syl. Here! here began my misery.

Cal. Proccede, trust me I now begin to pittie thee.

Syl. Then let me die without your farther knowledge
Of my mishap; t'will be injurious
Unto my ashes, and disturbe their quiet;
I know it will;

Cal. Nay, prithee tell me, come, and I'll weepe with thee.

Syl. You'le have cause enough ere I've done;
Therefore don't hear't;

Cal. Is there ought in't concernes me?

Syl. Too much!

Cal. Nay, then I must, and will have all the story,
Or thinke thee a foule prostitute.

Syl. 'Tis thus then!

— Yet do'nt beleeeve me, say that I was mad,
Distracted with my sorrowes, that my words
Fell so uneven from me, you mistooke
The sense; say any thing. —

Cal. Come, come, I know thou wilt tell truth!

Syl. Or may I never finde peace hereafter!

Cal. How I feare

Whether

Whether this story tends?

Syl. The King Madame,

Ferrando; ——— (Seize me Courteous death,
Or I shall poyson all her joyes;)

Cal. Ha! what of him?

Be sudden, or, I sweare by my just anger,
Ple streight rip up the cradle of thy lust,
The den where all thy loose adultery's
Were acted, search each corner of thy wombe,
That keeps a record of thy villanyes!

Syl. *Ferrando* was the author of my fall:

Cal. More lying then that evill Genius (Kicks her, & Exit.
That wrought the first mans fall!

Syl. *Ferrando*! oh! oh! (Swoons) & Enter againe Calantha

Cal. Thou rebell passion jealousy! what mean'st thou
To tumult in my breast? — ha! yet why not?
Why may not he be false?

Syl. Oh! oh! oh!

Cal. T'is so! — *Felicia*! — she's gone, she's gone!
Helpe there, *Florinda*! *Violetta*! Ladyes!
Soe — she begins to breath; — looke up *Felicia*!

Syl. Where am I?

Cal. Here, — a medall? this confirms it; *finds a medall about
her necke with the
Spitt: of Fer: & Fel.
in it*
Ferrando and *Felicia*!

Syl. Ha! the Princesse!

Beshrew me but I've had a fearefull dreame!
I hope t'was but a dreame;

Cal. No; I know all,

Ferrando's false, as stayn'd with sin, and perjury
As howling Ghosts.

Syl. Good Madame don't affright me;
Your fancy's darke and gloomy.

Cal. Yes all hell

Is there at worke contriving a revenges

Syl. Revenge? for whom?

Cal. No matter whom; — But tell me
How, and with what false othes, he won thee first

H

To

To his loose sheets.

Syl. I'le tell you; but you first
Shall promise me, to tread no other way
To your revenge and mine, then I shall leade you in.

Cal. I doe:

Let's sit, and heare it all.

Syl. Whilst yet *Alberes* liv'd
As great in favour as in blood, the glory
O'th Court of *Naples*, honour'd with dayly visits
From his Prince; t'was my unhappy destiny,
(Foole that I was to be so credulous!)
To receive many favours from *Ferrando*;
Which I interpreted i'th way of love;
Meane while, this match was treated of betweene
Him, and your selfe; your Father (*Sicily's* King)
After your plighted troths, and formall ceremonyes
Us'd betwixt Prince, and Prince, would breake it off,
Which caus'd a sudden warre upon his Country;
In which expedition *Alberes*
Was sent chiefe generall: the King being forc'd
Now to withdraw his publick visits, imploy'd
Ulysses in the businesse; gets access
Privately to me i'th night, and that too
Allwayes i'th darke, lest happily he might
Be knowne to any of my servants; Briefly
After his many oathes, and protestations
Of his faire meaning, I at last consented
To let him steale the fruit, he durst not owne:
When ere I urg'd, he was engag'd to you,
He answer'd, that was but a trick of state,
A faire pretence to colour his designe;
And mak't seeme glorious, in the eye o'th world;
That he warr'd for a Kingdome, not a Queene;
Onely intreated me, that I'd be silent,
And not so much as in a signe betray
To'th day, what onely night was conscious of.

Cal. You confest that?

Syl. Wil-

Syl. Willingly.

My father i'th meane while returnes defeated,
For which the King led on by passion, seiz'd
His life and honours, these conferr'd on his
Now favourite *Ursini*: the fleet re. inforc't,
He himsele the second time in person
Went generall of the forces, conquer'd *Sicily*,
And slew your father on *Messina's* plaines,
Last brought you away captive.

Cal. But how cam'it thou to Court in *Sicily*?
Thou told'st another story then:

Syl. For that

I crave your pardon, 'twas all the untruths
My life has ere bin charg'd with; but 'twas thus;
Led partly by a jealous feare, to see
What he intended; partly to find out
My brother *Frederico*, who was left there
Commander in *Alaxara*, which was tooke
In the first expedition, in this disguise,
'Mongst others whom desire of fame, or profit
Led to your shore, I cross't the seas; but failing
In quest of him I sought, I came to Court,
Where since I have remain'd.

Cal. But why *Felicia*
Did't not disclose thy selfe before this time,
Now things are growne so bad?

Syl. When first I saw

Your person, and how mutually you lov'd,
Knowing how farre I was beneath your worth,
So deare I held you both, that I determin'd
For ever to be lost to memory;
And serve you thus in this disguise: which I
Had done, but that this haplesse chance
Betray'd mee to your knowledge.

Cal. Alas! thy piety has undone us both!

Syl. 'Twas my too cruell destinies!

Cal. Methinkes wee two now seeme to be set copies

Of griefes, to which wrong'd virgins will repaire,
To take out patternes by.

Syl. Our wrongs and sorrowes
Have made us just so like to one another,
That each seemes th'others counterfeit.

Cal. We'le sit, and descant on our miseries,
Count the extent of each, proportion teares,
And sighs unto them.

Syl. Her's that doth surmount,
Shall borrow griefe of t'other.

Cal. H'as robb'd mee of a father cruell Tyrant,

Syl. H'as robb'd mee of a father cruell Tyrant,

Cal. Bereav'd mee of my friends, and loving subjects,

Syl. Bereav'd mee of my Brother, and my friends.

Cal. Tane away all my honours, and my dower.

Syl. Taken my virgin honour, all my dower.

Cal. H'as mock't mee with the title of a Queene.

Syl. H'as mock't mee with the title of a Queene.

Cal. — But I am lost in Passion.

Syl. And I am lost in Passion.

Cal. *Felicia* come, and as our wrongs are equall,
So let our revenge be; we'le hand in hand
Assault this Tyrant; and in bloody Characters
Print on his body the story of our sufferings.

Syl. Yet this cannot cure our griefe.

Cal. What though, wrong'd innocence?
In death it will intitle us to honours;
And though our bodies moulder to corruption;
Our better part shall survive fame; our names,
Free from decay, shall swell up numerous volumes;
Whil'st our sad legends shall be made a pillow,
To every sleeping virgin.

Syl. O yet for my sake have some pitty on him,
And for that part of him, that's cradled here,
'Las he may live to make us faire amends.

Cal. For thy sake I could spare him, but my wrongs
Sit heavy here, and urge mee to revenge.

Syl. But

Syl: But say I've thought a way, how we may yet
Be both restor'd to happinesse, would you not
Accept, and follow't?

Cal: Speake it (gentle soule.)

Syl: As yet (you know) your virgin treasure stands
Free from his ruder touch: those Ceremonies,
Which link't you in one Hymeneall knot,
Religion will make void, the pracontract
Twixt him and mee being knowne, so that you then,
On this part are free from him; enjoy him thus
You cannot, neither would you (I suppose)
After these wrongs, (if you might be permitted:)
What hinders then, but that I take your place
This night? and shew him, to what height his perjury
Has wrought our wrongs, whilst you in some disguise
May quit the Court, and e're next Sun appeare,
From hence towards France, to whom you are allyed,
In blood, and wrongs. —

Cal: Content, — I'll in, and haste mee to be gone,
To goe there is some hope. *Syl:* To stay there's none.

Exeunt.

ACT: IV. SCEN. I.

Pierro Cassia: as in the Prison.

Pier: — To mee this?

Cass: Out of particular respect
Hee stood engag'd to repay your merits.

Pier: Dare you

Promise so much for's Lordship?

Cass: The Contents
Of that will speake, how much he tenders goodnesse
In every noble breast.

Pier: No doubt Sir, but
You are familiar with the sense it carries,
And can informe mee, better than the darke Character.

Cass: 'Tis that you'd be pleas'd t'accept
A life, for which to's Piety you shall owe,
Onely a faire acknowledgement.

Pier: Wondrous good !
'Tis a becomming charity this, and hee
Weares it amongst the chiefest of his vertues.

Cass: Sir, it must needs be eminent in's Lordship,
Since exercis'd upon so noble a subject
As your selfe.

Pier: But stay ? — now I thinke on't,
This is a benefit of that nature, it seldome comes
Alone, are there not honours too ? preferments
That wait upon this gift ? speake, shall I be
His Lordships creature ?

Cass: He's passionately yours.

Pier: Are we not for designe ? — ha, what darke trickes
Is there in'th State, that doth imply danger
Enough for us to mannage, doth he thinke
Us fit to temper poysons, or use the benefit
O'th night to seize on his State-rivals, are we
Potent enough for faction, or intended
Intelligencer to some forraine Prince ?

Cass: What meane you ?

Pier. Ingagements of this nature urge a returne
Of thanks proportionable to themselves,
And what we have of such rich values,
I cannot tell, lest t'be our soules forfeited
To'th next occasion his Lordship has to use 'em.

Cass: This is strange language Sir, my understanding
Has not yet arriv'd at what it meanes.

Pier: Go home and study it then: — and do'th heare, I strikes
Entreat my Lord, t'employ his favours to
Some further profit, he'll scarce be gainer by 'em else.

Cass: I shall acquaint him with your humour.

Pier: Do maggot, wriggle, wriggle, do: — *Exit Cass:*

ACT IV.

ACT. IV. SCEN. II.

To Piero, Charintha; (Valenzo behind the hangings.)

Char. Piero.

Pier. Madame! I am all joy, life, honours,
Preferment, and what not?

Char. Then I'm undone!

Piero! didst not promise me to stand
The utmost of's temptations? didst thou boast
Thy vertuous strength, and fall'st at the first onset?

Pier. Life Madame is sweet.

Char. If hitherto

It hath bin so, hereafter t'will be all
Bitternesse, thou hast betray'd thy friend to death;
The thought of which will soure all thy content,
Make thy best pleasures relish worse then gall.

Pier. Life, with the worst that can befall us, is
A good exchange for death; but here are honours
Annex't to't Lady! I shall be great in favour.

Char. Thou wilt grow big in sinne too! thou must barter
Thy vertue for preferment; which being gone,
At best thou't be but painted ruines,
A glorious misery; thou must owe life
To him, that will infect and kill thy soule.

Pier. Yet you would be content, Valenzo should
Accept a life, on this condition.

Char. Yet he may live, and still be vertuous.

Pier. Why? so may I.

Char. Yet he's thy friend.

Pier. Am not I his too?

Char. T'will be a glory to thee after death
That thou wert friendships martyr, a title
Will sit upon thy tombe, richer than all
Thy Heraldry; more lasting than thy marble.

Pier. To shew how farre, I can preferre him to
My selfe, I am content this honour should be his.

Char. False

Char: False to thy friend, and vertue ! that onely canst
To mocke calamitie, and midst our wrongs
Remaine our greatest injurie.

Pier: Mistake mee not,
I onely did prepare you for a joy,
Which now you're ripe for — know then, I return'd
Him scorne for all his flattering promises;
And stood resolv'd t'incounter with his fury,
Made hot by my disdain.

Char: Miracle of friendship.

Pier: Since it is decreed that one of us must fall,
And onely one, my death shall free us both
From the lawes rigour, enjoy your best *Valenzo*,
Enjoy him long, may you (a happy paire)
Grow like two neighbouring roses on one stalk;
Partaking mutually each others sweetnes;
Whence no rude hand approach to ravish you,
But when you are full blowne and ripe for heaven,
May you fall gently both into one grave,
There lye intomb'd in your owne odours.

Char: *Pier*, thou go'st
To heaven, to be the envy of the Saints;
For when thou com'st where those blest troopes reside,
No man shall ere direct a vow, or prayer,
But unto thee! — *Valenzo* take thy friend, (*Val: Enters*)
Take him unto thy bosome, he has so much
Of heaven in him, I feare he can scarce die.

Val: Is it your feare, *Madame* I can he deserve lesse in
Your faire opinion, than to be thought immortall?
That death at length should boast a victory
O're so much goodnesse. — Methinkes (*Piero*)
Thou should'st for ever stand a rich example,
To all mankind, who in thy fall will sicken,
And dye to vertue; injoy the happinesse
Of thine owne fate; I will not rob thee of
One precious minute, live till time has pow'r'd
A reverend snow upon thy head. —

Pier

The Fatall Union.

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Pier: But justice must be satisfied.

Val: I'll bow my selfe beneath the stroke.

Pier: To slay

The innocent, is not to expiate.

But make a crime, preserve thy selfe entire

To thy *Charintha*, King, and Country.

Val: What!

And betray my friend to death?

Pier: To what

I have deserv'd.

Val: T'was thy too forward zeale, and a ripe spirit,

That spur'd thee on to action, thou didst it for

Thy friend, for mee, and had not justice bin

Wrong'd in't, the honour had bin mine, why not

The shame?

Pier: You must not, shall not die.

Val: No more.

'Twill prove a breach of friendship else, I must not,

Shall not die: my honour suffers double,

Thou wouldst foyle mee both in love, and valour.

Pier: Pity these teares.

Char: Or in thy ruine I

Am lost.

Pier: Justice requires but one, her fate

Is so involv'd in yours, you cannot fall,

But in it shee must finde a certaine death:

Thinke then, how can you satisfie the law?

Val: Farre easier than you, in whose sad losse

The whole world suffers, and in thy untimely fall

Looses all goodnesse.

Char: Stint this pious strife,

I have bin too much woman, and betrai'd

My name to infamy, in this same passion:

Possesse mee a just anger, a spirit great

And noble as my birth; that I may shake,

And rowze this sleepey Prince, from his dull lethargie;

Who's wholly lost, in the bewitching flatteries

Of that bad man;— alas this is a danger
Too potent for your starres to free you from;
Henceforth I'll be your destinies: for since
This calme brings nothing but a certaine fall,
A storme shall either save, or ruine all. (Exeunt.)

ACT. IV. SCEN. III.

Ferrando, Urfini, Charintha.

*A Table is set forth;
Taper, pen, inke, &c.*

Fer.—Contemne our pardon.

Urf. Returne your favours too
With so much scorn.

Fer: Better they'd play'd with lightning,
Or hugg'd a thunderbolt.

Urf: Justice is slow
Of pace, and if not led by furie,
Seldome o'retakes the crime, let your returne
Of punishment be quick, and active, delay is worse
Than pittie, and more dangerous: *Valenza*
Is popular, and who knows, but hee had rather
Owe his life to the peoples mutiny, than your pardon,
And therefore slighted it.

Fer: Oh the state of Princes!
How farre are we from that securitie,
Wee dream't of in th'expectance of our crowne?
Were forraigne dangers nothing, yet we nourish
Our ruine in our bosome: *Valenza* is a traytour,
So is *Piero* too; and who is not in this age?
It is unsafe not to suspect our selfe.
To torture with 'em; be noble in thy justice:—
Here draw a warrant for their execution:—
We'll sign't with our owne signer;—hence pittie,
Post from our breast; we banish thee our bosome
Th'art a disease bred there to ruine Majestie: *Urfini prepa-*
And sink us below our subjects scorn. *(Urfini to write.)*
Charintha: *(Enter Charintha.)*
Our Princely cousin, welcome to Court, thou hast

beene

Beene too long absent, (I must chide thee for't,)
And envy'd us the boast of verities.

Char: Verities.

Urf: Some malicious devill now, or other,
Has intic'd her from her beads;
To undoe mee, and my plots, shee carries anger
In her brow;—this I must mitigate, or I am
Lost.—

Fer: Thou art so eager after heaven,
Thou woo't o're-buy thy happinesse.

Char: Never fear't Sir.

Fer: But thy devotion's season'd with so much charity,
Thou pil'st a stocke of merit up for us
At Court.

Char: I beleeve y'had need on't.

Fer: As long as we live here we shall; —

Char: So wicked!

Fer: Ha! what frowne's that, whence these clouds, *Charin!*
So rises the blushing morne, as thou wert wont *(that)*
To smile, when thou appear'dst; we owe
Our day unto thy eyes; and if thou think'st
Thy beantie's worne too cheape, we'll become tributaries
To thee for light; chase hence this fullen darknesse,
Thy absence has already made too long
A night.

Char: No Sir, 'twas your blacke deeds.

Fer: How's this?
Do'e know mee, who I am?

Char: Not well.

Fer: Your King.

Char: A Tyrant.

Of bigge, and grorious impieties,
A regall monster, the true head of that
Beast you rule, the multitude more cruell
Than enrag'd lyons, or robb'd beares; who both
Will spare the innocent, and humble.

Fer: Looke to'th Lady there, sure she's distracted.

Char. My wrongs indeed would make mee fo.

Fer. What wrongs? whence? or from whom?

Char. Raife not my anger higher with your scorne;—

Fer. By all that's—

Char. Or if't be ignorance of my sufferings,

It but betrayes your want of reason, and

How farre you're lost to man, by your fond dotage.

Fer. Grow more particular, or wonder ruines mee.

Char. Good God! I've suffer'd so long, till patience
Grew my greatest crime.—

Urf. Now, now the storme is coming this way,
But I'me prepar'd to meete it.

Char. Whence? or from whom?

Aske this good man how often he has mourn'd

Over the ruines of my fame? how often

His eares have met with the report of my

Disgrace? how I was noys'd a strumpet? when

Each talking thing at Court, might freely act

A rape upon my vertue, till I was left

All a whole staine, blacke as the front of perjur'd

Sinners? while you, (as if I'd bin a trifle

Cast from your blood, and kindred, or some darke thing,

Whose actions were so fowly bad,

That report better'd 'em in the expression:)

Could sit as silent as the night; as calme

As seas, when the windes sleepe; yet at last be just:

And say, how have I appear'd to you, or him,

That calumnie has thus bin priviledg'd,

To violate my honour?

Urf. Madame,

I have allwayes spoke you, chastities best example.

Fer. Innocence it selfe is not so white.

Char. Yet he that would confirme this with his sword,
Must meete, with prisons, wrackes, and tortures,
As a reward offe much vertue!

Fer. Ha!

Urf. Sweetest Princeesse! —

Char.

Char: And ere he die, must suffer in's honour,
Be proclaim'd traitor to the state.

Fer: *Ursini*, thou hast abus'd our trust.

Urs. My Lord.

Char: Too weak pretence, for your ingratitude.

To so large merit; *Naples* call's him

Her chiefe preserver; he brought home victory,

By his owne arme achiev'd, when the proud foe,

Threatned your Kingdome with a fatall downefall.

He, to whose arme you owe your life, your crowne,

To whom in warre, you'd sooner flie for helpe

Then to the Altar; now in peace must have

His temples robb'd; his garlands from his brow

Transplanted. to adorne this uselesse statua.

Urs. Madame, I have not so appear'd in managing these
affaires of yours.

Char. Would thou had'st;

Or somewhat that carries lesse resemblance

Of man: Oh thou art bravely wicked.

Urs. I have not us'd the art to boast the vertue

Of mine owne actions; yet heaven knowes

They were all good, and aim'd at ends as honourable

As your desires.

Fer. *Ursini* leave, till there is hope of pardon.

This impudence in sinne,

Bid's a defiance to all mercy; did we not.

At your perswasion, give order for *Kalenzo's*

Quicke dispatch?

Urs. How ere I seem'd (great Sir) to runne downe with

the streame of your violent passion, yet my intents still bore

up against it; witnesse this paper.

Deliver's a paper to Fer.

Fer. Ha! What's here a pardon? *Isando, who reads it.*

Urs. Which you had seal'd ere this, had not this Lady here

interrupted it.

Fer. How?

Urs. your passion would not have permitted you,

To have o're view'd what you consented too;

This I knew, as likewise how dangerous it

Would have been to the state, if he had fall'n.

Fer: Again my owne *Ursina*—
Charintha, pardon our errors, we will deserve in,
 By the future love, and honours we will throw
 On our *Valentin*,—here take my signet,
 Fetch 'em to Court.

Char: You are noble.

Fer: *Ursina*, Waite on her to the Castle.

Urs: You honour mee.

Fer: Oh how were we destruction.

Reason fit still enthron'd in thine owne state;

Tis passion onely ruins Kings, not states. *(Exeunt)*

ACT IV. SCEN: IV.

Bentivoglio. Alphonso. Grutti. Cassio. Violetta. Florinda.

Bent:—Hold up, hold up Sir, the Ladies are comming this way,— for shame,— God's mee, they'r here; why do's tremble so Sir?

Alph: A violent fit o' th ague; oh! oh! oh! have mee to bed gently, gently, or I shall scatter all my limbes;

Bent: Discredited for ever, (here take this staffe Sir)— have I boasted your strength to them? — fortifi'd you forth in counter, and you faile me thus! — undone, undone!

Alph: Oh! oh! oh! for halfe a dozen of night-caps.

Bent: Here Sir, on with 'em; they'r somewhat durry, they'll keepe you the warmer; — now shall I be call'd Mountebanke, Quackesalver, Pispot-peeper: and all the ugly mangy names can be invented. — come in, come in.

Grut: I will be a scent of modest mirth, Ladice.

Cass: The Physician has cool'd him.

Bent: Why Sir, you won't disgrace mee? go towards 'em.

Alph: Some fire, some fire; — cold, cold, cold, cold.

Bent: Here, here, on with my gowne! — this cap, so, so.

Grut: Ladies, we'll take leave to be bold here, to vex him.

Viol: How do's my Lord?

Flor: We are come here to await your pleasure.

Cass:

Cass. The very thought on't has cast him into a cold sweat.

Alph. Oh! oh!

Cass. Now for fifty virgins.

Grut. A monopoly of women.

Bent. Hey, for a wench, for a wench, to pumfiddle now;
Ah! ha!

Alph. Oh! ho! oh!

Bent. Do'e remember you'd play the foole in my gowne,
and cap excellently.

Grut. Well said Doctour.

Cass. To him Doctour.

Bent. Then a noyse of Musicians would do rarely.

Cass. Look he's nodding.

Viol. My Lord you intend no abuse to us?

Flor. Make us hazzard our credits for nothing?

Alph. More clothes; — why hoe there, on my feete I say.

Grut. He's dreaming.

Bent. Fast, fast a sleepe, so, so, this charme last's till
Midnight, and then hee wakes.

Grut. I will be good sport to see him then—

Bent. Dance up and downe the Court like the ghost of old
Hippocrates.

Viol. You must not expose him to the publike view.

Cass. M^r Doctour you're sufficiently reveng'd, this is enough
for you to boast on when you come th^e University.

Bent. This, and the rare cures I've done upon you two shall
be my theame.— Good night.— Ladies I'me your servant.

— My doughty placket-hunter lye thee there, and e'ne awake
when thy stomacke serves thee; to morrow morning I'me for

Padua.—

Exeunt.

ACT. IV. SCEN. V.

Zisco, Ursini, &c.

Zisc. The night comes on apace, freight every thing
Will be as blacke as I, and alike terrible.

Nay out-doe mee too: each leafe that stirres

Affrights

Affrights the fearfull, makes the guilty tremble,
 And yet this night, what is it but a shadow?
 Yet I am lesse than that, for I do lesse:
 I that have purpos'd so much, act nothing!
 Horrour could but my thoughts be seene, they'd owne
 Murders, more than the basiliske could commit,
 Were he all eye, more than revenge has acted,
 Or than the triuall spight of plague, and warre
 Produce, in their full heate. — *Ursini* be speedy
 Or I'll outrunne designe. — *(Enter Ursini)*

Urs: *Zisco.* *Zisc.* My Lord.

Urs: The houres are favourable
 And have brought opportunitie along with 'em,
 We must resolve for action.

Zis. I'me prepar'd.

Urs: But *Zisco*, art thou sure *Felicia* was. —

Zis. Sure? puh! would you know? I my selfe
 Am the Moore he caus'd to ravish her.

Urs. And canst thou do't againe? *Zis.* Bravely.

Urs. This night then thou shalt — ravish his *Mistress*,
Calantha! this night! I've prepar'd all things ready
 For thy conveyance into her chamber — thou wilt doe't.

Zis. Resolv'd. *Urs.* And kill her too?

Zis. An shee were my mother. *(Enter Grutti)*

Urs. Obscure your selfe a while. — how now?

Grut. My Lord, the *French* have kept their word,
 And unespied have stolne from *Genoa*,
 Enter'd our haven, and this night have set
 Upon our fleet, the bold *Sicilians* too
 I'th towne are up in armes.

Urs. There I poke my *Genius*. *(Enter Cassio)*

Cass: My Lord! the *Cittie's* in a mutinie,
 The Court in wild distraction.

Urs: Well, beyond my hopes: excellent well; *Grutti*, *Cas-*
sio, be nere us, we must use your helpe to night.

Cass: *Valenzo* playes from the Castle with his Canons,
 And strikes both parties without distinction:

He's

He's now marching up with a well ord' red troope,
T'is thought he had intelligence of your intents.

Urf. O my fate ! that man undoe's mee.

Thus early sins are blasted in the bud,
There is no safety but in being good.

Exeunt.

ACT: V. SCEN. I.

Valenzo, Contareno, Galeotto, Gonçales.

Val: — 'Tis late.

Each man retire to his quarter: Captaines,
We entertaine your merit with a serious welcome.

Gal. Our deserts, my Lord,
Are so slender, that we'r't not to prejudice
Your judgement, we would blush to owne any.

Cont. Hang this flattery, merit quotha ? is't such a piece of
merit to cut a score or two of throats; knocke downe an hun-
dred o'th citty herd ? a gallant could do so much for's Cocka-
trice. *Val:* The King shall give you each particular thinkes:
He owes you both a trophy,

Gal. His acknowledgement
Of our duty, would raise our pride to sinne,
We should forget to let heaven share i'th victory.

Cont: Victories, by *Mars's* crest it deserves not to come i'th
Chronicle, though *Hollinshead* or *Hall*, those voluminous
forreiners should write our annals, 'twill ne're make us iustle
in among the *Cæsars*, or owne a name i'th list o'th worthies.

Val. No *Contareno*, wee will not have thee painted in vile
ugly colours, and clapt upon chimneies, thou shalt be cut—

Cont. In brasse ? mine would make an excellent brazen face ?

Val: In *Parian* marble, wee'le rob the Quarries
To reare thee up a glorious monument.

Cont. A glorious loame to set lazie spiders a worke in, an
office for birds to mute in, if these be your glorious monumets
for men of armes, I'le e'en live to sin out my merit (as you call
it) then when I die, the world and I will shake hands, and cry
quit of all sides.

Val. Hee that should heare thee talke thus, and not know

K

thee

thee well, would doubt thy valour.

Cont: Hercules! an hee did he should try it.

Val. T'were punishment enough. (*Enter Gonçales.*

Gonçales — I gratulate thy navall victory;
France will have cause hereafter to mention thee in sad story,
 Thou giv'st them but a churlish salutation.

Gon. Such as they deserv'd,
 It seemes they came rather to steale than fight,
 They were as ill prepar'd, as they had meant
 To beare our empty hulkes away unquestion'd;
 For soone as they perceived we descri'd 'em,
 Pale, as the lillies in their trembling flagges,
 They turn'd their sailes, and fled; we made after 'em,
 With swift wing'd lightning from our Canons mouth,
 Which sunke and fir'd 'em all, ere they could quit
 The channell, or gaine the wider Ocean;

Val. Beleeve mee, noble Souldier, thou art deare
 To fame; as old in victory, as in yeares,
 Yet still thou toyl'st t'undo thy selfe, and benefit
 Thy ingratefull soyle, which never will be able
 To requite thy meanest service.

Gon: Yet you for the same cause, i'th pride of youth,
 Oppos'd your selfe betwixt the state and danger,
 When their sicke hopes, were as their fortunes, desperate;
 Reduc'd a Kingdome to your sway, in whose
 Rich spoyles, your gawdie Souldier triumphs;
 Whilst boasting of their rifled plumes, they drinke
 Health's to victory; yet those so moderate,
 Their bowles encrease their fury, not their surfeits.

Cont. How these tall men o'th sword claw one another?

Gal: They have an itch of pride runnes through 'em.

Val. The Hero's, when thou com'st into *Elyzium*,
 To give thee place, shall shift their blessed mansions.

Gon: And load thee with their lawrells.

ACT: V. SCEN: II.

To them Calantha disguised.

Cal: How my feares betray mee! shunning

One

One toyle, I runne into another. *Cont: Che va la?*

Cal. Oh mee ! I'm surpriz'd.

Cont: Spirit of valour th'art my prisoner.

Val. Ha! whom have you there?

Cal: (*Valenzo!* my voyce betrayes mee.)

Cont. A young *Sicilian*, shall I draw my Steele,
And give him a gentle stroke?

Cal. Lend mee my sword — and be thou what thou wilt
I dare thee to thy worst.

Cont: Bravely spoke, — set forward then. —

Val. Traytour ! the Princeesse ! *Calantha!*

Cont. All the better; she's skilfull at her weapon,
We'le but exchange a thrust in sport.

Gal. & Gon. Ha! what meanes this flight?

Cal. Dare none of you fight?

Val. Deare Lady, not with you.

Cal. Then you are cowards, they speake you so i'th Citty,
And I came out thus purposely to try you.

Val. If you please, you shall quickly see that,
Command us sheath our swords in one anothers
Bosomes — we'le fly like lightning to execute your
Commands; — you're our Princeesse.

Cal. No, I'me your Prince's murthresse. *Omnes.* How?

Cal: I've kill'd your King: will none
Dispatch mee yet? *Gon:* Sure she's distracted.

Val: We must disarm you Lady; — 't is a duty to our Prince
Was never till now unwillingly perform'd !
You must backe to'th Court, whither we'le waite upon you.

Cal: Villaines, cowards, (*Exeunt Val. Gon. Cal:*)

Gal: The Princeesse ! what made shee abroad so late?

Cont. Did she not say that shee had kill'd the King too?

Gal: Come let's walke the round; things are yet unsettled.

Cont. 'Tis so darke now, an the divell should lye perdiu I
should go neere to stumble on's hornes. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCEN. III.

Florinda. Violetta. Felicia, (*going to bed.*)

Flor. Too much of this sad story, Oh these men

How are they degenerate from the goodnesse
Of their creation ! they have beene alwaies false —

Viol. Silly as we are,
We know it ; their vowes and othes are traytours
To us, and yet we hugge them, let them into our bosomes,
Into our hearts, till they undoe us ?

Flor. But Madame, why doe desire us to leave you ?
Fear you not his fury, what it may prompt him too,
When he shall see you are not his *Calantha*.

Fel. He never was acquainted with that passion,
He's violent in nothing, — But in love.

Viol. And yet he may dissemble that too
As well as his vowes.

Fel. Should hee? were his hand
Lift up to strike mee, I can charme it there !
Who can looke on a Ladies bended knees,
Wet cheekes, swolne eyes, heare her sighs, her prayers,
And yet be cruell: If there be one that can,
That one is not *Ferrando* ; his bosome is
Passable to every grone; it strikes his heart :
He would tell mee (when he was absent)
If I sigh't, or wept, for then he said
He wept and sigh'd by sympathy.

Viol. Yet now he loves you not.

Fel. Can hee not love himselfe? here, here I beare him,
Himselfe in a lesse modell, this I'll shew him,
If he mistrust t'is none of his ; let him
But rip mee up, there he shall see each limbe
As like to his, as his one hand, one eye,
One cheek is like the other: besides there lyes
Folded by his owne name, he told mee hee
Would call it so, (*Ferrando*), and lest I
Should chance forget, I wrote it in my heart,
There he will finde it.

Flor. Good Lady !

Viol. T'is a sad nuptiall night, this.

Fel. Ple tell him too how hee
Would grieve if I were dead, goe hanging downe

His head, vailing his eyes from heaven, aham'd
To looke up to the place, where his *Felicia* is :
Or poring on the ground, as he would finde
Where my neglected ashes lay a sport
To th' windes; where some rude blast might blow mee up
Into his eyes, and then hee'd weepe to finde,
Mee there; weepe till the fretting brine had burn'd
His eye-balls out.

He told mee of his dreames, what pleasure hee
Had to finde me in 'em: alas they will
Be terrible now: I shall affright him, appeare
A thin pale ghost, make him start out in his sleepe;
(Alas! I will not) yet he'le dreame he heard mee.
Cry out, *Ferrando* ! revenge upon *Ferrando*:
This cannot chuse but startle him. —

Viol: Heaven grant it may.

Flor: Madame all joy that we can hope, or wish,
Be with you.

Fer: — I'll goe alone into the bed-chamber.
There expect him, — pray leave mee.

Flor. Good night, I heare him coming. (*Exeunt severally.*)

ACT. V. SCEN: IV.

Ferrando. Ursini.

Fer: Our Navie victour.

Urf. The City quiet too & those clouds
Which threatned ruine to your Kingdome, all
Blowne o're; the skie serene and calme, as if
It laugh't at your vaine feares; the lampes of heaven
That now seem'd all blowne out, are trimm'd a new
And brighter shine, to lead you to *Elyzium*.

Fer: To Heaven, *Elyzium's* poore to what wee shall
Enjoy to night. *Urf*: The land of some dull villager
Or doughty Poëts dreames. *Fer*: The birth of fancie,
A thin, fantasticke, aerie paradise;
With which they flatter their weake hopes, but mine
Is knowne to sense; we gather odours there; wealthy
In their native sweetnesse, flowers of a new

As bright as lasting, roses and lillies
 Blowne from their stalkes, meeete here, and dwell upon
 Her cheekes, as if there onely they were priviledg'd
 To enjoy an everlasting spring. *Urf.* Let your
 Imaginations feed even to a surfet, your senses
 Are too too weake, and narrow t'entertaine
 The bounteous flowing of her pleasures:
 You'll let so much passe by unknowne,
 As if you tooke but tribute of her blessings;
 When the whole stocke is yours.

Fer. We'll be her *Mars*, and meeete her in soft skirmish,
 In amorous duell, where we'll softly yeeld
 And let her winne: (to raile her to the pride
 Of a new victory, as much upon our selves
 As we have done upon her Country,
 Then shall shee binde us gently in her haire
 Fetters for Captive lovers, and in scorne
 Of our trimme youth, and temperate blood, when we
 Begin to faint within her armes, shall then
 Supply us with new strength from her own eyes;
 Whence she will dart a soule at every glance
 Rich as her selfe, and the blest smiles t'is made of;
 Create an active flame within our breast
 Able to give old statua's life and motion,
 Make their stiffe marble feete supple as the joynts
 Of love: — oh I'me lost! my *Venus*
 Come; lead to my *Venus*.

Urf. Your *Cynthia*, — your Moone } *Curteine drawne, Felicia*
 With a man in her — there there's } *discovered lying upon a*
 Your way, why move you not? } *bed, Zisco. as having ra-*
 How you stand. } *vish't, and then slain her.*

Fer. *Urfini*, Ha! Se'st thou that blacke thing there?
 That ugly fiend, I'll out-stare thee, devill.

Urf. Where are you Sir? *Zis*: 'Tis done.

Fer. Ravish't! *Calantha's* ravish't — oh torment!
 Grim fury post to hell. *Zis*: Pardon mee Sir,
 I've a little businesse to dispatch first —
 This for *Felicia*, thus *Alberto* tell.

(*stabs him.*)

Fer. Oh I'me wounded!

Zis: Ha!

Zis: Ha! do'e know mee Prince? (*puls off his disguise.*)

Urs: *Frederico*! just heavens.

Zis: Stay your hand——be innocent in your revenge,
Let me beare all the guilt.

Urs: Could'st thou thinke, dull Prince, that heaven so
Doated on thy royaltie, thy crowne, thy scepter,
Or regall pall could beare thee out in sin?
Or the weake shine of triviall state dazle
Their eyes that looke upon the blessed sunne!
Could'st thou flatter thy selfe into such a Security,
That vengeance would not finde thee out?
When thou had'st forfeited thy luxurious palate
With all the dainties of *Felicia's* body
Thirsted her blood, quaff'd off whole bowles of it,
Till thou wer't drunke, and wild with fury
Of thy intemperate draughts—Am not I a rare villaine now?

Fer. Mad, starke mad, besides himselfe, (*aside*)
Sure this is but a dreame, and I asleepe.

Zis: Thus, thus I'll wake you:— (*stabs him.*)

Fer: Oh my blood scalds, h'has shot wild fire into my heart,
Ah traytour, thy Steele is poyson'd.

Urs. *Frederico*, let mee embrace thee:
Now our revenge is perfect.

*A noyse within. Enter fighting, Valenzo, Grutti,
Gonçales, Cassio, Calantha.*

Grut: Your passage lyes this way. *Cass:* Thorough us.

Val: Treason, treason, raise the Court.

Gon: Breake ope the doores. *Urs:* We are betray'd.

Val: Villaine I greete thy heart. (*kils him.*)

Cass. Where tends your businesse?

Gon: Slave to hell, and thou shalt carry't thither. (*kils him.*)

Fer: Fire, fire, the poyson boyles my entrals.

Val: The Prince wounded! *Gon:* Where are the traitours?

Zis: Here I am his murderer. *Val:* *Frederico.*

Urs: *Valenzo*, I am o'recome. — (*Flings him his sword.*)

Fer: New miracles, *Calantha*, my best, my dearest love:—
Oh I am sicke, stand off *Calantha*, my breath's so hot, 'twill
singe thee else; and licke thy beauty's up, like nimble flames;
But

But dost thou live? *Cal:* To curse thee false and perjur'd.

Fer: The spheares are out of tune; nature's distraught;
The orbes celestiaall have turn'd round so long
That they are giddie: the starres are in a mutiny,
The Intelligences are altogether by th' eares.

Cal: Heaven! I blesse your justice:
Sterne tyrant! that triumph'st o're the memory
Of my father, mock'st mee with love,
Till like a foole I doated on my fetters,
'Cause they were golden ones, that thus
Thy devillish art might make my soule a captive,
With my body. *Fer.* Ænigmaticall.

Cal: Yet then a Lady mourn'd thy perjur'd vowes,
Whom thou betrayd'st to loose 'adultery.

Fer: Thy speech, *Calantha*, is darker than an Oracle.

Cal: Truer it is, and dar'st thou yet dissemble it?
'Tis a truth precious to time, who will preserv't
To blast thy memory, and derive a staine
On all thy successours.

Urs. } How? or when arriv'd this your knowledge Madames?
Zis. }

Cal: *Felicia* told mee all her selfe
Confirm'd it by religious oathes; besides
This medall which she gave mee from her necke,
A pledge of his broke faith, with the sad fruits
Of his fate lost, within her wombe.

Fer: She's a blacke whore: shee lies; beleeve her not.

Cal. Thou wilt be damn'd.

Fer. So may I; and houle eternally
In those blew flames the devils bath in,
If ever my vowes were made to any other
Then thee; and those, as spotlesse as thy soule.

Urs: But whom have wee here?

Cal. *Felicia*! Sad Lady she intreated
This night's exchange of place; that she might shew him
What an untimely mother he had made her,
And this 'twas caus'd my flight. *Fer:* *Felicia*!

Cal: Ha! murder'd. *Urs.* My love.

Zis. My

Zis. My sister! ravish't:
And murder'd by mee, incestuous villaine!

Urs. Didst thou not tell mee that *Ferrando* ravish't her,
And cast her to his slaves, a prey to their
Bold appetites and furies.

Zis. To incense you the more against him; I told you
What I onely did imagine, because at my returne
From *Sicily*, report whisper'd her lost,
Lost in the ruines of my Father,
Which made mee thinke her murder'd.

Urs. Ye Gods! I now acknowledge you supream:
Your power is mighty over our fond arts.
Silly projectours we ensnare our selves!
Whilst we spread nets for others.

This braine has wrought all these sad plots,
Calantha, take your Lord; who is as true,
And holy in his vows, as those blest Saints
He invok't. *Cal.* And yet *Felicia* wrong'd?

Urs. 'Twas I by whom she swell'd, and not *Ferrando*,
As 'twas suppos'd.

Cal. Suppos'd! she swore 'twas hee.

Fer. *Ursini*, farewell; I'll heare the rest anon—— (dies.

Urs. That aggravates my crime, who wrought her into
This false beliefe, for having long lov'd her,
Without returne of mutuall flames, and at length
Finding that the impediment was her fond
Dotage upon the Prince; I determin'd,
Rather than not to be possesst of her,
To part with faith and loyaltie, feign'd all
My visits for him, courted her acceptation
Of his love, which I so darkly brought about
That she consenting to private meetings
As oft as she expected the Prince,
I my selfe fill'd her armes. —

Cal. Then you conclude *Ferrando* innocent?

Urs. In act, or thought.

Zis. *Felicia*! sister! your brother *Frederico* call's;

L

She's

She's gon, cold, cold! and pale, and yet methinkes
She smiles, looke up, *Felicia*—

Cal. But how came it to passe she nere discry'd you?

Urf. For reasons I then gave her: all our meetings
Were in the night, and that i'th darke too, where I
Dissembled to the Prince in voyce and gesture.—

Cal. This agrees right with her relation: villaine thou haste
undone mee.

Urf. And my selfe too.

Zisc. Death hangs upon her lids, 'tis eternall night with
her. ho, sister, stay, take mee along with you; I'll fol-
low you. (*Stabs himselfe.*)

Val. Pernicious traytour.

Cal. Rage choakes my utterance: — give mee your sword.

Val.

Gon. } Our hearts and hands are yours:

Cal. Ile be an age in killing thee, do'st tremble?
Thou look'st like one of those thin frozen gho'sts,
That chattering lye on hills of thicke-ribb'd Ice,
Come meete my fury. *Urf.* Here, here's my heart.

Cal. I: I'll dig it out,
And cast it to the hungry fiends.

Zisc. My strength decays, I reele and rotter like a crack't
reed that leanes against the windes.

Cal. Take your sword.—

Urf. Madame.

Cal. Take it I say. *Val.* You do him too much honour.

Cal. Manag't with skill and strength, or thou affront'st
My honour,—faint-hearted! coward, I'll follow thee to hell.

Urf. Mercy heavens! (*He falls.*)

Zisc. Ho! *Charon*, more company, lye farther there jolt-
head, what quarrelling you dogs? thy oare, thy oare ferriman:
clap 'em o'th sconce with't, there, there.

Val. The Gods are just.

Gon. You wore their cause upon your sword.

Cal. 'Tis poore revenge this, can he not live againe?
Start up from th'earth with life, and double strength?

Wer't

Val: Lady: Gon: Her old passion returns againe.

Zis. Are you there fury, *Megara, Tisiphone, Alecto*,
Howle, howle, furies, I'll lash you. *Stabs C*

Gon. The Princess! she's slain, unluckie hand.

Val. A FATAL UNION.

Val. The ruin'd treasure of two Kingdomes

L a

(Enter

(Enter Charintha, Piero, Violetta, Florinda, Alphonso.)

Char. In the bed-chamber! this way!

Pier. Yes Lady, the cry was full of horror.

Viol. 'Twas the Physicians potion this my Lord.

Flor. Done in revenge. Alph. Would 'thad bin poyson.

Char. Blesse mee! whence all these tragedies.

Pier. Astonishment ceizes mee.

Alph. The King, Calantha: Urfini dead, ha! whom have we here, Frederico, Val. Yes, and Felicia too.

Omnes. All slaine; by what dire hand?

Val. I'll tell you that within.—

Charintha is your Queene.

Pier. May you be happy in her love.

Val. Remove the bodies, i'th morning we will take order for the state, and funerall rites.

Of these; the lasting story of whose wrongs

Shall be all royall-lovers evening songs.

EPILOGUE.

A Eter these ruines, thus your Poët stands,
Expecting his owne destiny from your hands,
By them he lives or dies; if it should hap
That stead of a mild doome, applause or clap,
(Your triviall allowance) his listening eares
Meete with harsh whispers, or halfe stifled jeeres,
Such unkinde censure kills him; his sad Muse
Unlesse you give her bay, has vow'd to use
The Cypresse wreathes, her pietie did allow
Those onely to incircle her owne brow:
Your candid acceptation will be
New life and soule to his lost Poesie;
His flame's but sicklie yet, your breath no doubt
Will either blow't up higher, or quite out.

FINIS.

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